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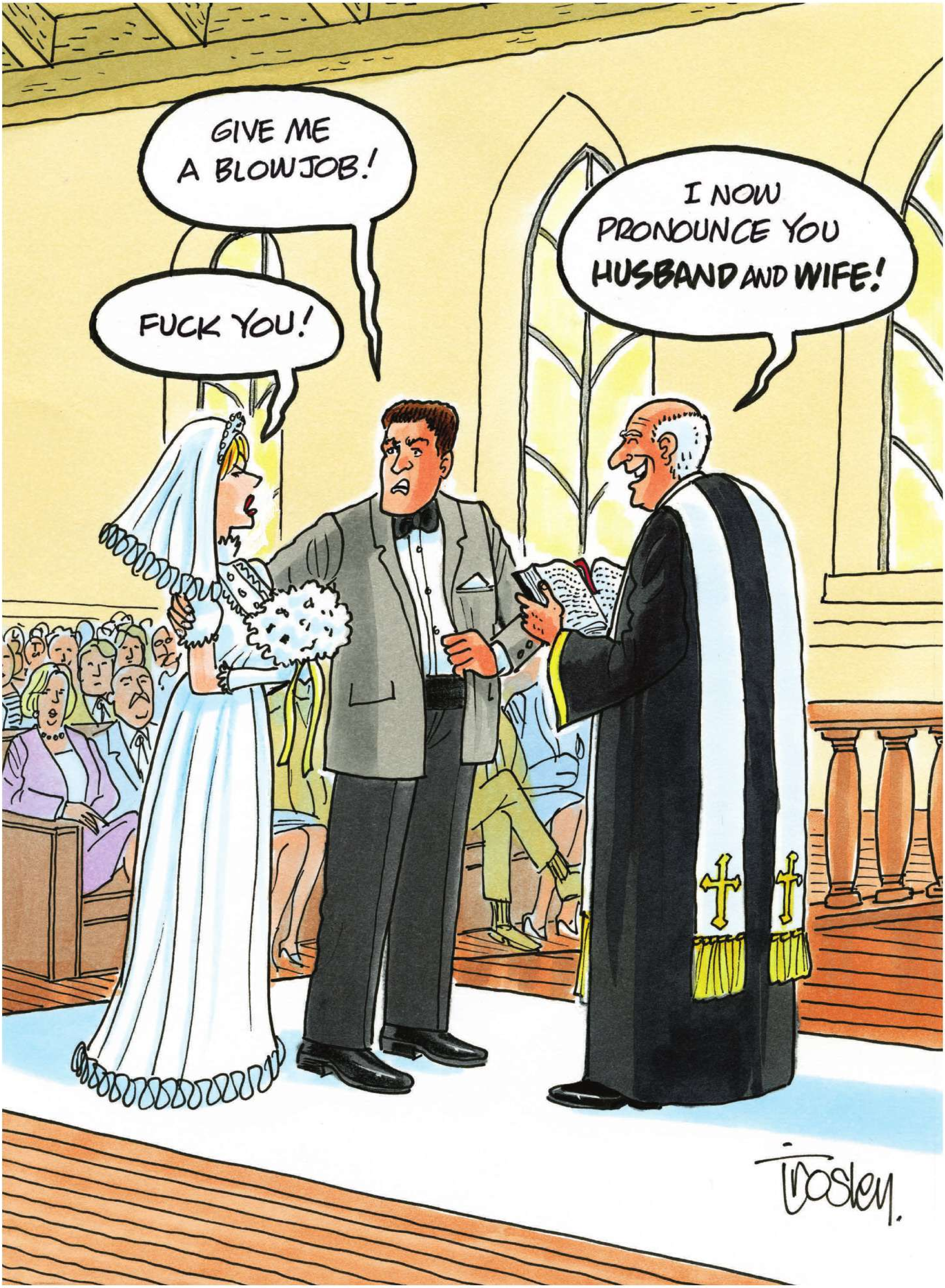
GIVE ME A BLOWJOB!
FUCK YOU!
I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU HUSBAND AND WIFE!
Tosley.

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Volume 43 Number 6
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In the five years since Brett first waltzed into HUSTLER's offices, she's survived things that would destroy most people—health scares, lawsuits, Charlie Sheen... Happy, healthy and living with no regrets, the blithe beauty rides again. Article by Kimberly Cheng. Photography by R.E. Stanley.

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Cover photo by Steven Andres
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Larry Flynt

DEMOCRATS MUST MOVE WISELY

Donald Trump has insulted and alienated so many Americans—women, Hispanics, Muslims, immigrants and even a large faction of his own party—that it's possible Democrats will control the entire federal government, with Hillary Clinton in the White House and majorities in both the House and Senate. That happened for the first two years of the Obama Administration and, before that, for Bill Clinton's first two years as President.

After the universally acknowledged disaster of George W. Bush (who now barely peeps his mug in public), Obama had a clear mandate to reverse eight years of GOP malpractice and even do something that hadn't been done since FDR and LBJ, expand the social contract.

So he went for the home run first, putting immigration, gun control reform and other issues on the back burner to focus on that which had eluded progressives for 50 years—healthcare reform. That may have been a mistake. Two years later Obama lost the House, and it's been in Republican hands ever since. Similarly, Bill Clinton lost control of both the Senate and House in 1996, after fighting a losing battle for healthcare reform.

Granted, we now have Obamacare, but it's far from a perfect solution. The insurance companies are still sucking obscene profits from the system. Public Medicare, with overhead costs of only 1%, or a single-payer system, is the only real answer.

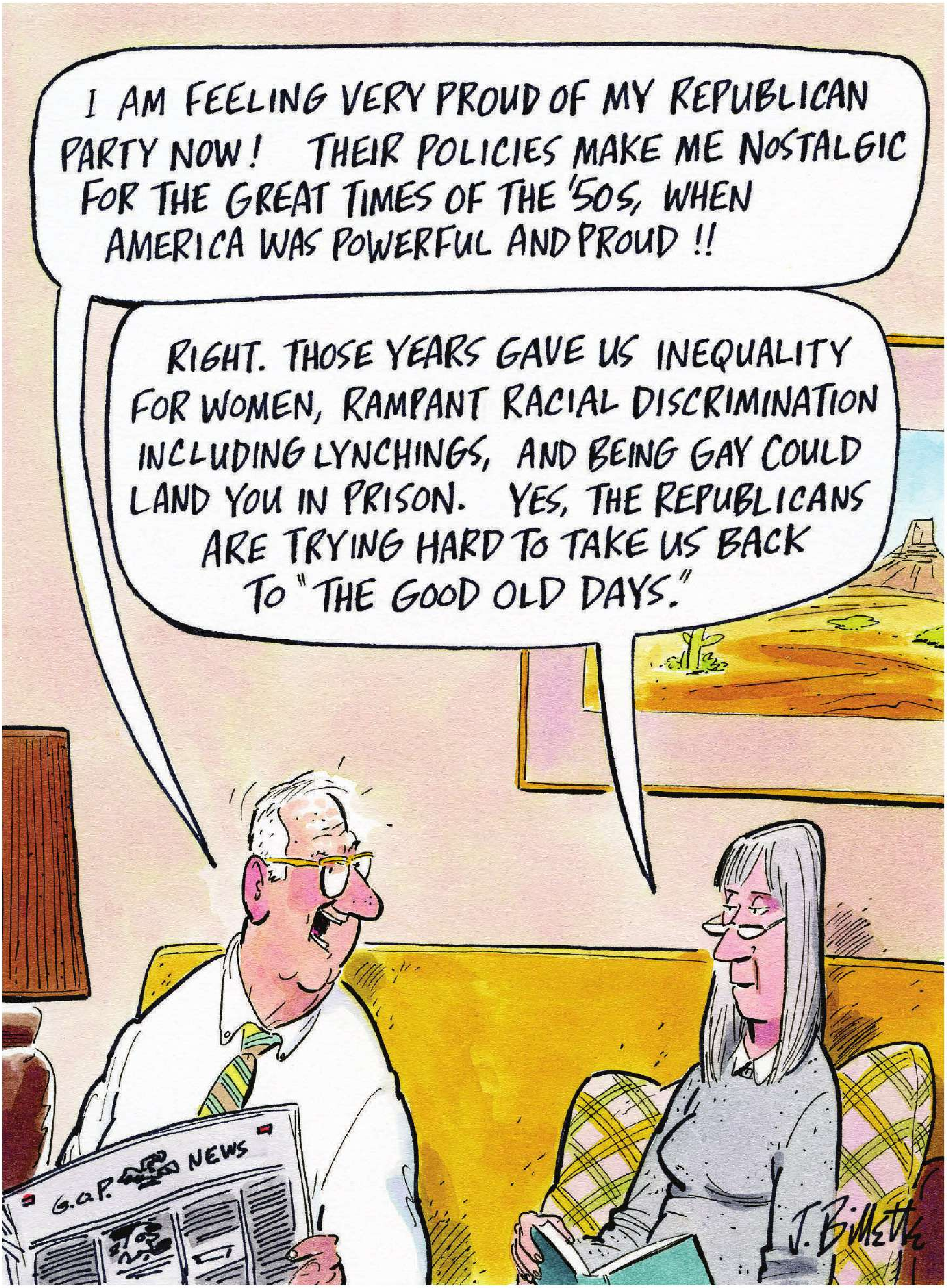
But that would mean another titanic struggle, with a lot of political capital to pay. Considering past history and the divisiveness of this election, it might be wise for Hillary and a Democratic majority to focus on other issues first, like comprehensive immigration reform and gun control legislation.

A guest worker program, as is practiced in much of Europe, would bring the aliens who largely harvest our produce and construct our buildings into the legal system, with all the protections of minimum wage and health and safety regulations, so that native workers are not competing at a disadvantage.

On gun control—no, Mr. LaPierre, the Democrats are not going to abolish the sacred Second Amendment. But a majority of Americans, including a majority of gun owners, favor common sense legislation—universal background checks, closing the straw buyer loopholes and stricter assault rifle regulation.

With a possible Democratic supermajority in Washington, we should expect a lot of progress on these issues. But the Democrats must not become overconfident. They need to establish a consensus with many of the alienated Trump voters and move cautiously so that the midterm reversals of past years are not repeated. We really cannot afford more of the partisan gridlock that has stymied progress over the past decade.

Larry Flynt
Publisher


I AM FEELING VERY PROUD OF MY REPUBLICAN PARTY NOW! THEIR POLICIES MAKE ME NOSTALGIC FOR THE GREAT TIMES OF THE '50S, WHEN AMERICA WAS POWERFUL AND PROUD!!
RIGHT. THOSE YEARS GAVE US INEQUALITY FOR WOMEN, RAMPANT RACIAL DISCRIMINATION INCLUDING LYNCHINGS, AND BEING GAY COULD LAND YOU IN PRISON. YES, THE REPUBLICANS ARE TRYING HARD TO TAKE US BACK TO "THE GOOD OLD DAYS."
G.O.P. NEWS
J. Billette

COLD, DEAD HANDS

A BIBLE-STORY ACTOR AND A SUPREME COURT JUSTICE PLAY LEADING ROLES IN AMERICA'S DEADLY NIGHTMARE.

It's all the fault of Moses. Or more precisely Charlton Heston, who portrayed God's emissary in the epic 1956 film *The Ten Commandments*. The actor turned activist subsequently lent his divine authority to the cause of guaranteeing that even the most deranged gun nut in America has the "God-given right" to own a firearm.

Heston was president of the National Rifle Association when he reiterated that catchphrase in Michael Moore's 2002 documentary *Bowling for Columbine*, which explored this country's propensity for gun violence. But it was two years earlier, while addressing the NRA's 129th convention, that Heston galvanized the anti-gun control movement with an over-the-top pledge.

Brandishing a replica of a Revolutionary-era flintlock rifle, he didn't merely warn that Vice President Al Gore—a 2000 Presidential candidate who favored eminently sensible regulation of gun sales—"would take freedom away." Heston thundered, "I want to say those fighting words for everyone within the sound of my voice to hear and to heed, and especially for you, Mr. Gore: From my cold, dead hands!" It was a truncated version of a popular NRA bumper sticker reviling gun control: "I'll give you my gun when you pry it from my cold, dead hands."

With that rhetorical flight of fancy, Heston managed to instill the NRA's perverse interpretation of the U.S. Constitution's Second Amendment with the authority of the Ten Commandments entrusted to Moses. This was no small trick, mind you. The aforementioned amendment, which refers to the right of the people to "bear arms" in the service of "a well regulated Militia," hardly has the clarity of the commandments that Moses delivered, particularly the one about not committing murder.

But Hollywood movies often send mixed messages, as when Heston's pal and fellow actor Ronald Reagan got to play a real-life President of the Unites States. In 1986 Reagan appointed Antonin Scalia to the U.S. Supreme Court, and suddenly the NRA had the perfect jurist to invent a Constitutional protection for weapon fetishists.

But it wasn't until 2008, when Scalia wrote the majority opinion in *District of Columbia* v. *Heller,* that the Supreme Court's fateful shift in thinking about gun control was made indelibly clear. As judicial scholar and former judge Bill Blum noted in a *Truthdig* column, the landmark 5-4 decision "held for the first time that the Second Amendment protects an individual right to bear arms."

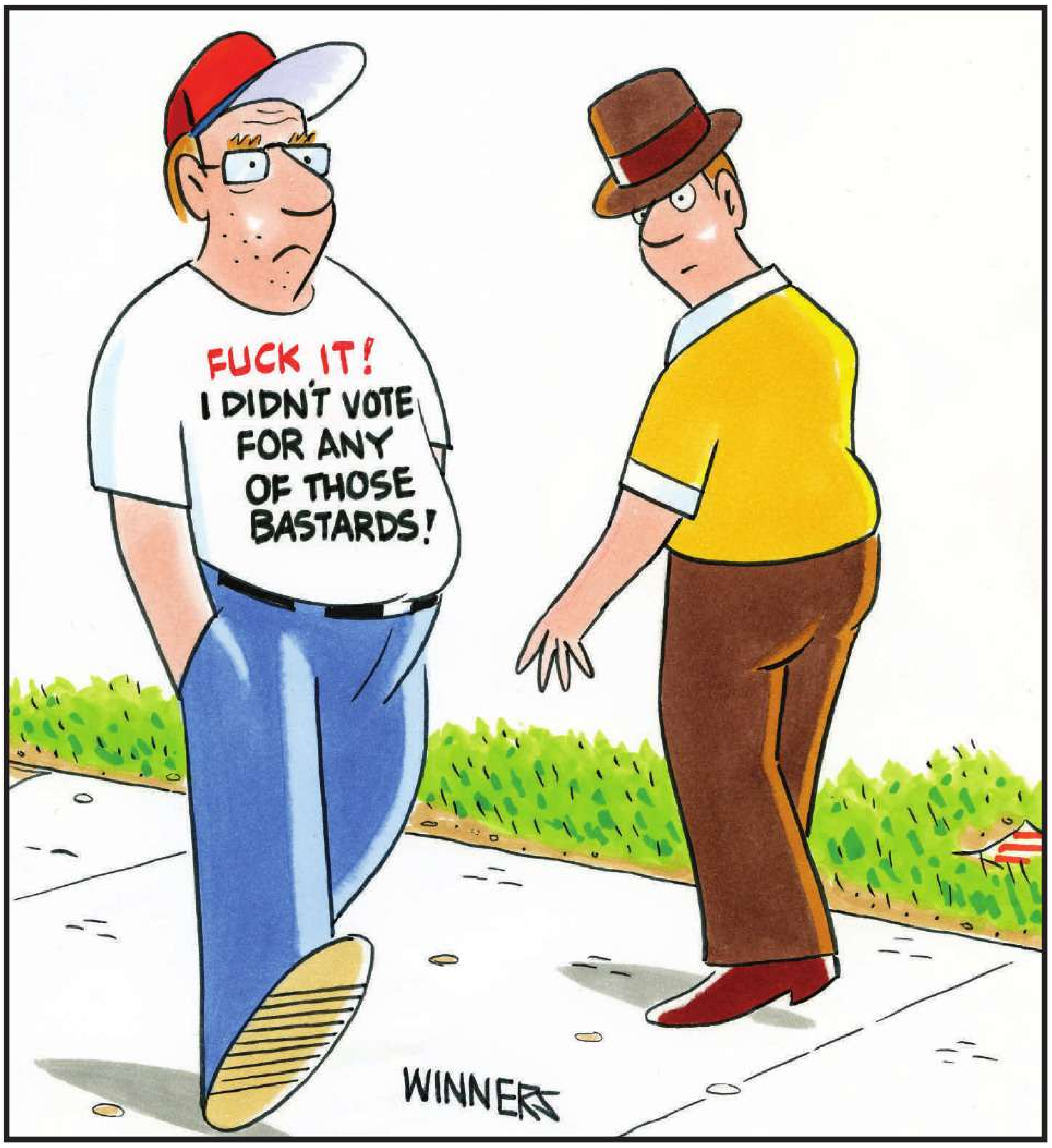
According to Blum, *Heller* "broke with the great weight of prior scholarship and Court opinions, including the Supreme Court's 1939 decision in *United States* v. *Miller*, which had held the Second Amendment protected private gun ownership only in connection with service in long-since antiquated state militia."

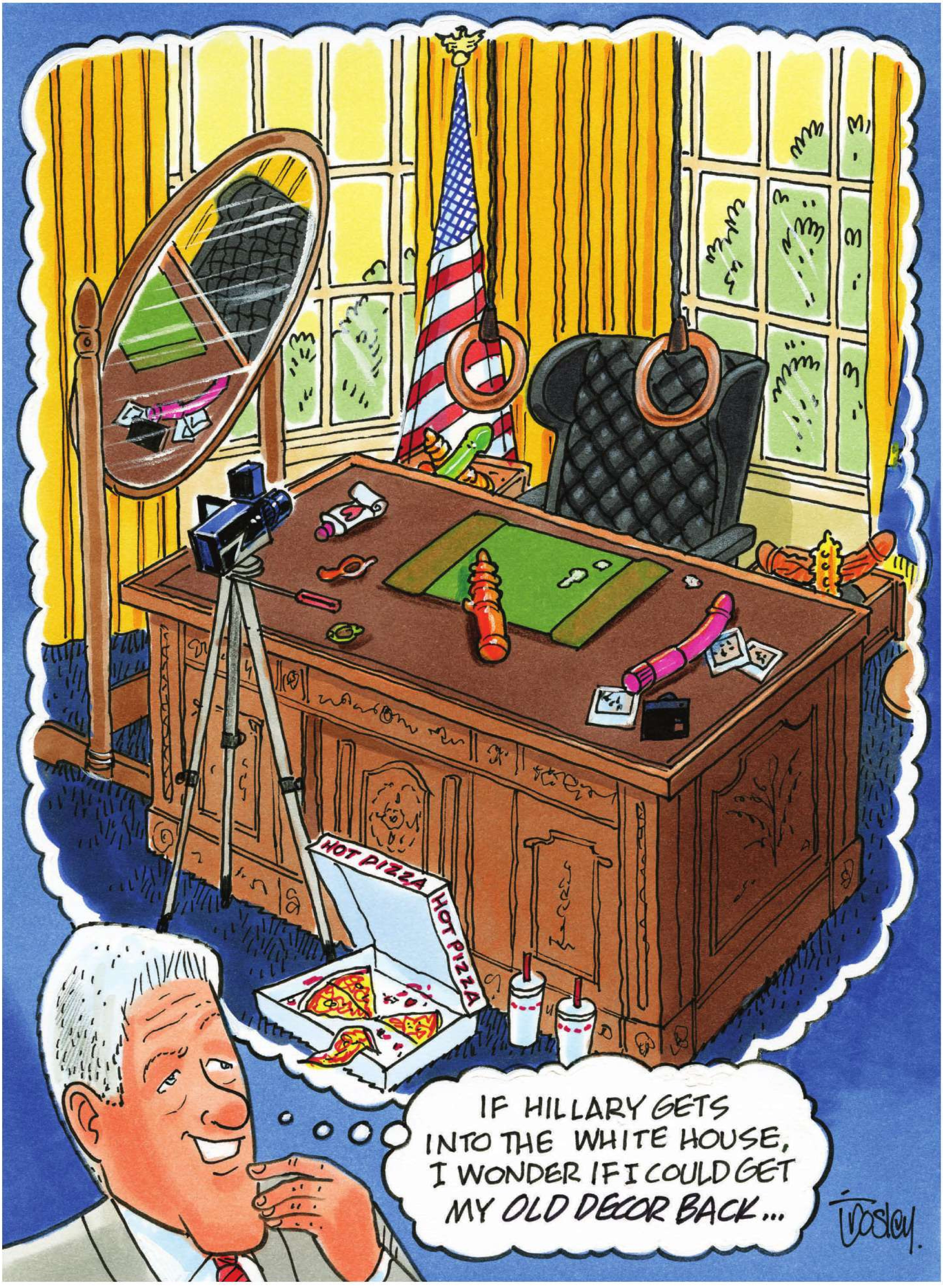
The point of the Second Amendment, and the Founders' acceptance of it into the U.S. Constitution, was to affirm states' rights, under the new federal system, to provide for law and order through "a well regulated Militia." The Second Amendment's intent had nothing to do with individuals' all-too-easy access to guns and the carnage that inevitably arises. The deep irony here is that the Founders' longstanding respect for states to set the rules regarding the possession of firearms came to be shredded with Scalia's grip on the Supreme Court.

Following the *Heller* decision—which applied only to federally administered areas like Washington, D.C.—lower courts across the land were overwhelmed by challenges to gun control laws. One pivotal case, *McDonald* v. *Chicago*, reached the Supreme Court, and in 2010 it elevated a citizen's ownership of firearms for lawful purposes to the status of a basic Constitutionally protected right, like freedom of speech. Scalia ally Samuel Alito wrote the 5-4 majority opinion.

As a result, Blum pointed out in his *Truthdig* column, the sensible decision of states like California, New York and Connecticut to regulate guns is vitiated by states like Texas and, most notably, Florida. Their lenient right-to-carry laws ensure that even a potential terrorist who has caught the eye of the FBI and is on the "do not fly" list can buy an AR-15 assault rifle in less than ten minutes and use it to massacre almost 50 people in a nightclub because he believes that being gay violates his God's law. Thanks to folks like Charlton Heston, Ronald Reagan and Antonin Scalia, the crazies get to play God.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **Truthdig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*


FUCK IT!
I DIDN'T VOTE FOR ANY OF THOSE BASTARDS!
WINNERS


HOT PIZZA
HOT PIZZA
IF HILLARY GETS INTO THE WHITE HOUSE, I WONDER IF I COULD GET MY *OLD DECOR BACK...*

THE VOTER REVOLUTION

NO ONE SAID IT WAS GONNA BE EASY.

For Democrats the 2016 Presidential primary season was rough and exhilarating. Hillary Clinton, with all her millions in corporate campaign cash, barely eked out a victory against Bernie Sanders, a popularly funded, self-proclaimed democratic socialist from Vermont. His unlikely rise from virtual obscurity nearly toppled Clinton while sparking the imagination of millions of Americans struck by the notion that a "political revolution" could really be within reach.

Alas, it didn't work out for Sanders. At least for now. At least that's what we've been told. What many newly engaged voters did not expect to find was that the U.S. electoral process is convoluted, confusing and fucked up. In state after state there were hours-long lines to vote, too few polling places, mass voter roll purges, voters prevented from being able to cast a vote at all for lack of photo ID (thanks to purposely restrictive new GOP laws), voting machine malfunctions and official results that often seemed to defy both preelection surveys and exit polling.

And all of that will likely be much worse come November thanks to new voting restrictions in dozens of states. For the first time in almost 50 years our country will hold a Presidential election without the full protective force of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, which was gutted by the U.S. Supreme Court in 2013.

I've heard from many voters who were heartbroken and disillusioned after facing ridiculously stupid hurdles simply trying to vote in a primary. Many had no confidence that their ballot would be counted as cast. Some now feel like they never want to participate in the process again.

But to those who say "There's not a dime's worth of difference between the two major parties anyway," I'd say you must have been in a coma during the unspeakable death, destruction and corruption that defined the George W. Bush regime. To those who say voting doesn't matter, see above. Want to stay home instead of facing hurdles and disappointment? Message from the Bad Guys: "Thanks! Yours is one more vote we don't have to try to steal."

Yes, the thrill of victory and agony of defeat is one of the beautiful and horrible things about democracy. People become emotionally invested. When your candidate loses, it can be devastating. The Democratic Party seems to care about results of close elections, but only when their preferred candidate is losing. It has had years to find ways to improve our electoral process—even in so-called blue states, where Democratic lawmakers can determine the voting system to be used. Yet they have still failed to institute systems in which we can all have confidence. (My suggestion: hand-marked paper ballots, publicly counted at every polling place immediately after the close of voting, with results posted before ballots are moved anywhere. I call it Democracy's Gold Standard.)

Caring only about their preferred candidates and not about voters, or arguably even the issues at stake, the Democratic Party has helped turn off several generations from the electoral process entirely. Party apparatchiks need to fight for the public's ability to oversee elections and results. Voters of all stripes need to do the same thing. We *all* need to fight like hell to ensure that every eligible voter can vote and that our votes are counted and counted accurately no matter how abhorrent the candidate may be that you or I support. Democracy is bigger than any one candidate.

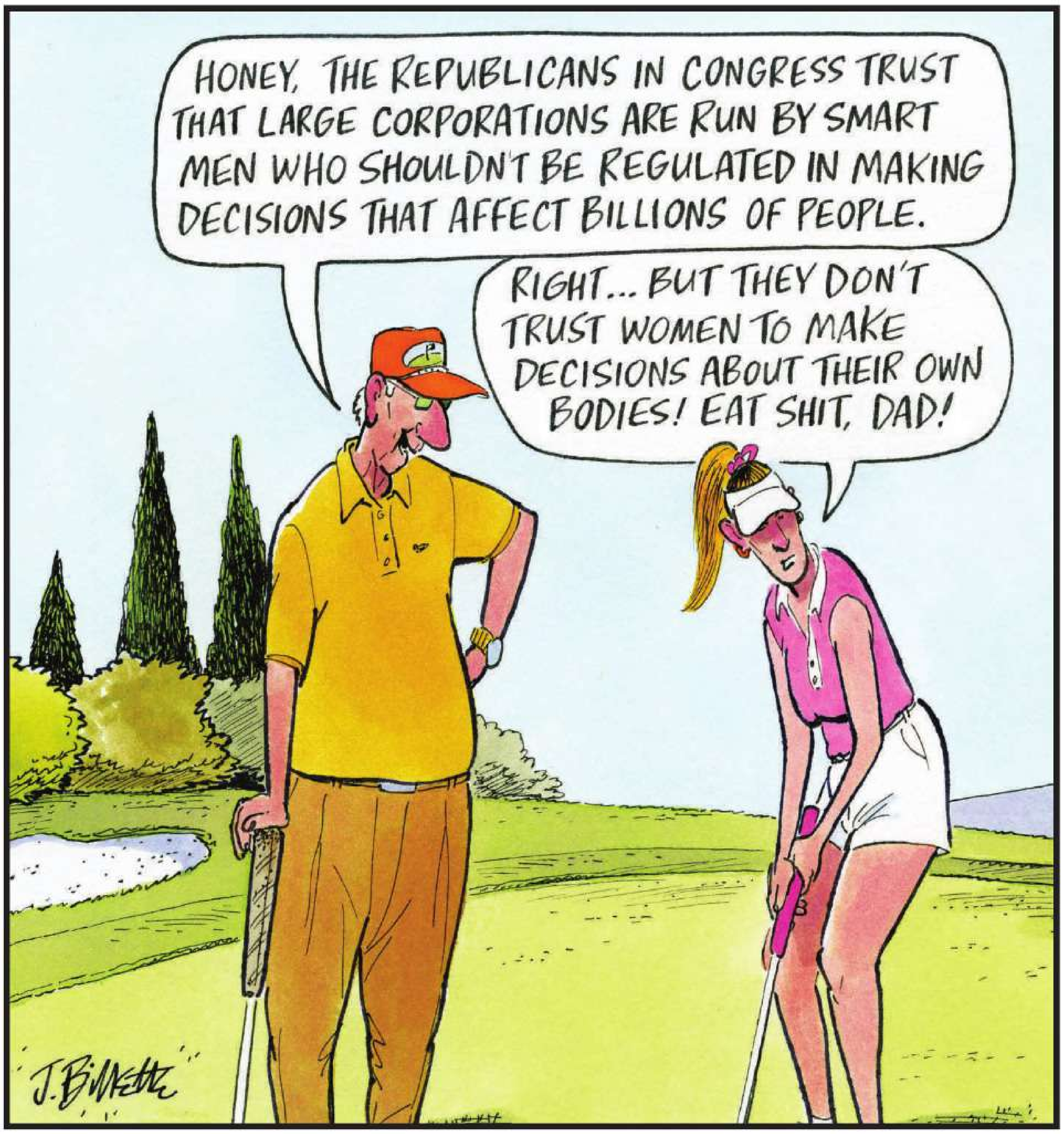
As Sanders told supporters after the primaries wrapped up, "Election days come and go. But political and social revolutions that attempt to transform our society never end. They continue every day, every week and every month in the fight to create a nation of social and economic justice."

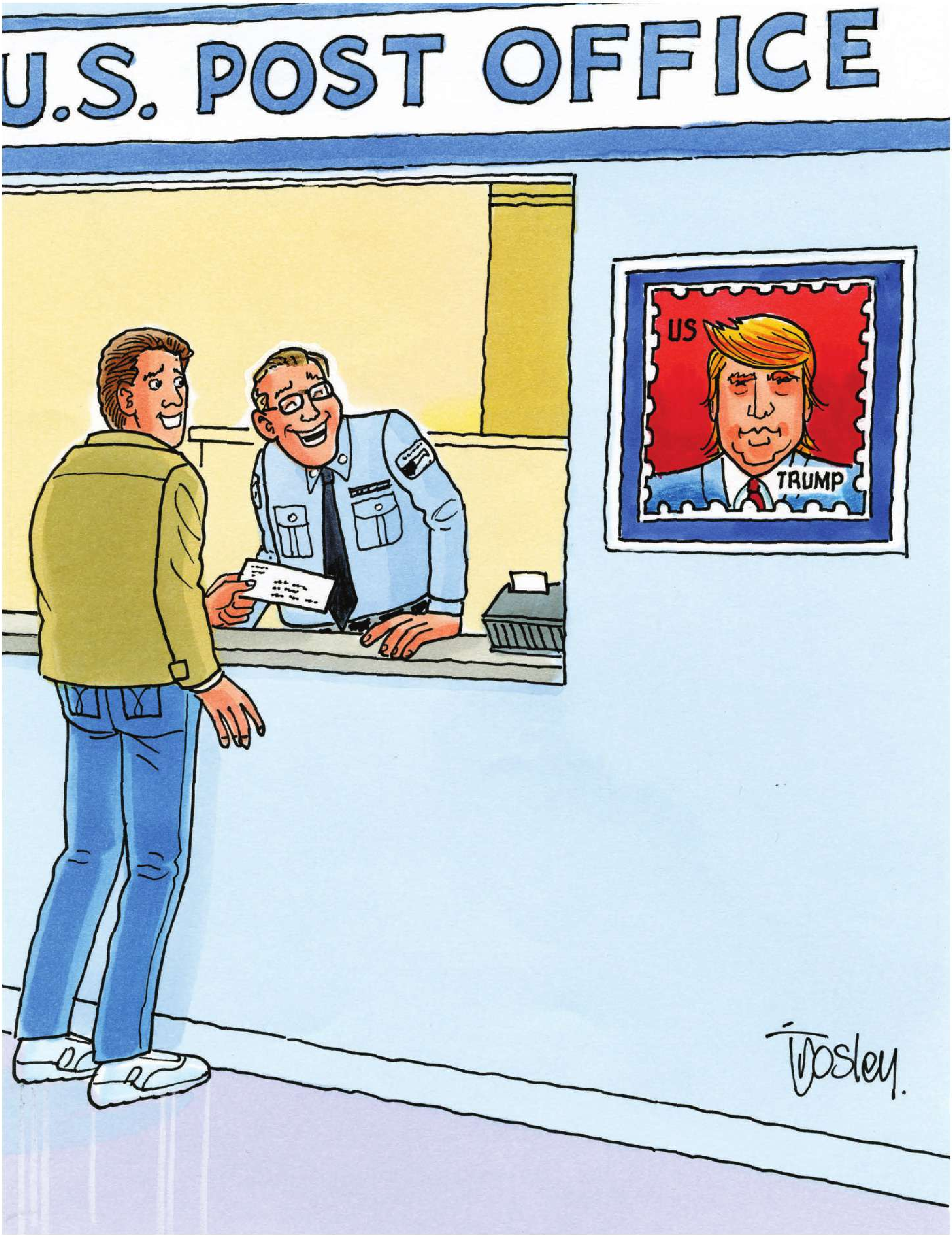
You say you want a revolution? Well, get in line—at the polling place, where actual revolution happens. But if you thought it was gonna be easy, you must still be in that Bush-era coma.

"Real change never takes place from the top down," Sanders said. "It always occurs from the bottom on up—when tens of millions of people say 'Enough is enough' and become engaged in the fight for justice."

Join the fight. Vote. And if you are told that you can't vote or that your vote doesn't matter or that you can't know whether or not your vote was counted accurately, that just means it's time to fight even harder for political revolution. H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).


HONEY, THE REPUBLICANS IN CONGRESS TRUST THAT LARGE CORPORATIONS ARE RUN BY SMART MEN WHO SHOULDN'T BE REGULATED IN MAKING DECISIONS THAT AFFECT BILLIONS OF PEOPLE.
RIGHT... BUT THEY DON'T TRUST WOMEN TO MAKE DECISIONS ABOUT THEIR OWN BODIES! EAT SHIT, DAD!
J. Bilotti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"It's a new commemorative stamp celebrating
the demise of the Republican Party."

PAUL RYAN

Ever since Paul Ryan was picked as Mitt Romney's VP sidekick for their failed 2012 campaign, he's been the standard-bearer for the GOP. Along with Mitch McConnell in the Senate, he has spearheaded the scorched-earth strategy of the past eight years—knee-jerk opposition to anything and everything Obama and the Democrats have proposed, however reasonable and compromising the proposal.

Looking like a bastard son of Ronald Reagan with his low-forehead shock of black hair, Ryan puts another happy face on the thick-skinned agenda of trickle-down economics that has devastated the working and middle classes for the past four decades. His famous budget proposal in 2012 was justly dubbed "Romneyhood" by Obama—Robin Hood in reverse, taking from the poor and giving to the superrich, who have grown fantastically richer in the past two decades, while the other 99% has suffered wage stagnation and higher rates of unemployment, poverty, depression and suicide.

But this is not the crisis Ryan sees: "We risk hitting a tipping point in our society where we have more takers than makers.... We're going to either have a taker society or a maker society." Forget all the statistics and evidence. It's a great moral issue, you see: the Holy Makers vs. Evil Takers, as defined by Ryan's muse, Ayn Rand.

Ryan began reading Rand in high school, where he was elected prom king, then crowned "Biggest Brown-Noser" by his classmates. "The reason I got involved in public service, by and large, if I had to credit one thinker, one person," he said in 2005, "it would be Ayn Rand."

In 1974 Rand contracted lung cancer from her long two-pack-a-day smoking habit, and promptly reaped the Social Security and Medicare benefits that she had always blasted as communistic perversions against her free-market utopia. *I hate you, Uncle Sam—but help me now!* Worse, though, was her celebration of an infamous serial killer in the 1920s as an ideal hero: William Edward Hickman went on a robbing and killing spree before kidnapping, murdering and dismembering a 12-year-old girl. Meeting the father for a ransom exchange, he actually propped the head and torso of the dead girl, with her eyelids sewn open, in the front seat of his car. Collecting the ransom, he then tossed the limbless body in front of the horrified father and sped off.

This is how Rand celebrated Hickman: "Other people do not exist for him, and he does not see why they should.... [He has] no regard whatsoever for all that society holds sacred, and with a consciousness all his own. He has the true, innate psychology of a Superman."

This sickness is the "true, innate psychology" of the 21st-century GOP and all of its pious altar boys, from Alan Greenspan to Paul Ryan: the consciousness not of a "Superman," but Superassholes concerned only with slaking their own insatiable greed while dismembering the economy and safety net for those less fortunate.

It's no wonder Ryan feels a deep affinity for Rand's sick hypocrisy; after his father died when he was 16, young Paul himself received Social Security survivor benefits, which he saved to attend Miami University in Ohio. It was a terrible tragedy for him and the whole family. Lightning, in one form or another, strikes us all eventually. In Ryan's case, Uncle Sam was there to help bail him out.

After college, he moved to D.C. as a Congressional aide, working a few odd jobs and even driving an Oscar Meyer Wienermobile for a while. And that's the sum of his private-sector experience before entering politics in 1992, where his salary has been paid by taxpayers ever since. Not that he really needs that pittance; Ryan and his wife Janna are millionaires, with most of their income coming from inheritances and trust funds. Additionally, the Koch brothers and conservative kingmaker Paul Singer pour mega-money into Ryan's campaign coffers.

So far, after 17 years in Congress, all Ryan has produced, aside from a lot of boilerplate sermons preaching the stale Republican gospel, are 70 bills or amendments as the primary sponsor, *only two of which passed*—which renders him a "maker" of fine, handcrafted, made-in-the-USA partisan bullshit. And nothing else.

His Roadmap for America's Future included partially privatizing Social Security and ending both Medicare and most of Medicaid to fund massive tax cuts for corporations, himself and his fellow millionaires. It would have been so destructive to working families and the poor that the Catholic bishops, who rarely enter the political fray, were aroused to denounce it. Ryan is a professed Catholic, but he's not really a *practicing* one with these kinds of brutal, selfish policies.

The man further demonstrated his insensitive mentality in 2014, when he regaled a CPAC conference with the story of a "young boy from a very poor family" who received free, subsidized lunches at school. "He didn't want a free lunch," Ryan said. "He wanted his own lunch, one in a brown paper bag, just like the other kids. He wanted one, he said, because he knew a kid with a brown paper bag had someone who cared for him. This is what the left does not understand." He ended with this brilliant summation: The Obama Administration offers Americans "a full stomach—and an empty soul."

This is what you don't understand, Asshole: When schools close down for the holidays and summer, many less fortunate kids—those without Daddy's trust fund—often go hungry, because those subsidized lunches are one of their main sources of nutrition. But this could be salutary in Ryan's eyes: Let the kid go hungry so he'll have a starvation-induced spiritual awakening, a full, newly proud and selfish soul feasting on *Atlas Shrugged*. Then he'll be inspired to scrimp for college, study hard and become a Wall Street bankster raking in billions while another 40% of middle-class wealth is wiped out by his insatiable avarice. See, kid, you may be starving now, but just reject any "socialist" handouts, endure your present painful hunger, and maybe you too can become a sociopathic glutton!

No, it's not capitalism under threat, Paulie Boy—it's your brand of bloodsucking casino capitalism that makes absolutely *nothing* of tangible value. Your policies have foreclosed on American homes and shipped millions of jobs overseas, and now you want to shred any remaining safety net. Hell, Ryan even charges $15 to attend his town hall meetings, to keep the riffraff constituents out. Holy Mother of God, what a jackass!

Actor Jason Biggs got it right with his tweet: "I bet there's footage somewhere of Paul Ryan jerking off to a close-up photo of his widow's peak." H

PUBLICITY! STUPIDITY!

"Free" porn hub xHamster doesn't pay for content, but it sure spends on public relations. So far this year xHamster's gotten widespread media coverage for: 1) announcing it was blocking all IP addresses from North Carolina until the state repealed its bigoted bathroom segregation bill; 2) declaring (less than 24 hours later) that North Carolinians *could* access xHamster, so long as they clicked "No" on the pop-up question "Do you support the anti-LGBT bill in North Carolina?"; 3) proclaiming it would sponsor a "Pornopolooza" LGBT charity concert—but only if fellow LGBT supporters Bruce Springsteen and Bryan Adams played (so, not happening); 4) offering *Gawker* founder Nick Denton $35,000 if he'd make a gay sex video with a Hulk Hogan look-alike; and 5) leeching on to public outrage over Stanford rapist Brock Turner by announcing its plans to "end rape culture for good." In other words, lots of press for doing jack shit.

We love cheap, disgusting publicity stunts, but xHamster's so-called "Brock Turner" rule is as vile and self-serving as young Mr. Turner. "Buzzwords have been put into effect so any keyword corresponding to nonconsensual sex will not be uploaded and the user will be banned," Chief Marketing Officer Alexander D. Hawkins told *The Huffington Post*. Type "rape" into xHamster's search engine and, instead of receiving no results, as has always been their policy, users now receive the following message, "If you are searching for this category, probably it's time you consulted with a professional psychologist," along with a link to a therapy site.

But xHamster continues to host a deep cache of "rape" scenario videos under words like *intruder*, *reluctant* and so on. And if it really cared about people troubled by thoughts of sexual violence, it would not send them to 7cups.com (no relation to *2 Girls 1 Cup*), a counseling site that connects those seeking help with any-one-can-sign-up "listeners" who have completed the company's free "Active Listening training program." None of the listed therapy topics include sex, let alone rape—which is probably a good thing, since most people who have rape fantasies aren't perverted or troubled and shouldn't be made to think that they are.

Academic studies conducted since the 1970s reveal that a majority of people—men and women—have some form of rape fantasy. In his "All About Sex" column for *Psychology Today*, award-winning health journalist Michael Castleman notes, "Fantasies allow us to 'experience' the outer limits of our imaginations safely, with no risk—and for some people, that includes fantasies of coerced sex. In fantasy everything is permitted and nothing is wrong."

xHamster's PR exploitation shows no actual concern about sexual violence. We would have been more impressed if you had gotten the Boss to play.

LESS GAS, MORE ASS

About 450 streakers rode 18 miles through Los Angeles to support World Naked Bike Ride (WNBR), a global grassroots movement held every June in cities around the world to raise awareness about traffic pollution and oil dependency. The Los Angeles Police Department provided escorts for the jubilant group of bikers, skaters and rollerbladers, who enthusiastically embraced WNBR's "bare as you dare" and "express yourself" dress code. Applauding onlookers were equally enthusiastic—many in the crowd dropped trou in solidarity.

Designed to be inclusive and friendly to all ages, genders and types, the organization's website devoted an entire section to explaining that the "anything goes" spirit of the day did have limits: No cock rings. No fetish gear. And definitely no erections: "When people are going to be naked in public for the first time, a common question is, 'What if I get an erection?' That's actually quite unlikely—you may be surprised at how quickly it feels completely normal for everyone around you to be naked! However, if it does happen, then just put your pants back on until it goes away." Spotter cars followed the cyclists to assist folks in need of rest and equipment repair, including, perhaps, boner deflation.

To learn more about the organization, check out **wnbrla.org**.

PHOTO © ROGER BAMBER/ALAMY

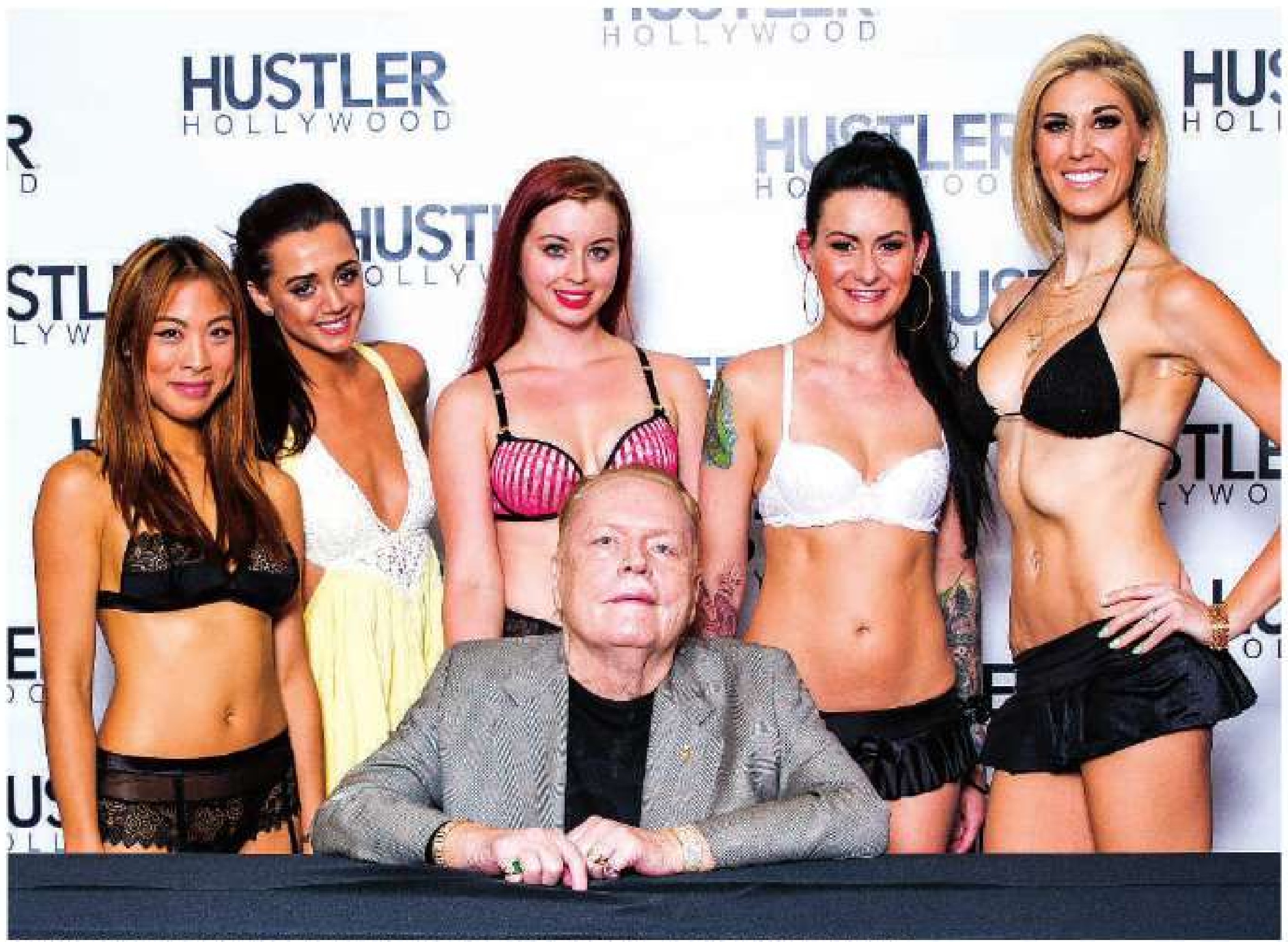
"What kills a skunk is the publicity it gives itself." —ABRAHAM LINCOLN, U.S. PRESIDENT

CINDERELLA STORY

HUSTLER
HOLLYWOOD

Temperatures in Phoenix, Arizona, hit record highs this summer, but extreme heat did not deter locals from celebrating HUSTLER Hollywood's grand opening. Beautiful women arrived wearing their hottest lingerie to compete in the Honey Search, but the winner of the $500 store shopping spree and HUSTLER Magazine appearance just happened to be passing by. "It was a very slow day at work, and I was a bit annoyed I wasn't making money," says Carinna, a 27-year-old dancer. "I saw the store and decided to stop to cheer myself up with a little shopping. I've worked at several HUSTLER clubs up and down the West Coast. Arizona is the first state I've lived in where there were no Larry Flynt clubs or stores, so I was very happy to see this store open." A sales associate spotted Carinna and suggested she enter the contest. "Initially I said no," Carinna recounts. "I wasn't prepared and was dressed in sweatpants and flip-flops. But when they said Larry Flynt would be making an appearance, I decided to stay. I've always wanted to meet him."

Carinna's decision to hang around paid off. While she was waiting, she found an outfit to wear for the contest, and was personally selected by Mr. Flynt to be HUSTLER's first Phoenix Honey. "I wasn't as dolled up as the other girls, so I didn't think I'd win at all," she recalls. "It was very shocking when I did!" Like many in attendance that day, for her the biggest thrill was meeting Mr. Flynt in the flesh. "I was giddy before he even got out of the car. I got to kiss Larry on his cheek, and I couldn't get over how soft his skin was," she confesses. "And feeling the weight of his gold jewelry on his hand when he congratulated me on winning—wow!" Judging by these photos, the delight was mutual.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HAUTE PHOTOGRAPHY & VIDEOGRAPHY

FARM NEWS
Retired to a hive of activity

KCCI

SEEDS OF SLEAZE

You know how, when you lose a job, spouse or appendage, well-intentioned people will say that one day, you'll realize it was the best thing that ever happened to you? Fuck those people. Rick Friday, a fourth-generation farmer and editorial cartoonist for *Farm News* got the boot after turning in a cartoon about the current economic state of U.S. farming. In the panel one farmer laments, "I wish there was more profit in farming." "There is," says the other. "In year 2015 the CEOs of Monsanto, DuPont Pioneer and John Deere combined made more money than 2,129 Iowa farmers."

Farm News ran Friday's cartoon as it had every Friday (how fitting!) for 21 years. But come Monday, an editor told him that a "large company affiliated with one of the corporations mentioned" had taken offense, canceled its advertisement, and they would no longer be running Friday's toons. That couldn't have been a shittier move than if John Deere had done the job with 1,000 manure spreaders. The story of Friday's termination hit front pages around the world. "*Farm News* pretty much lost their advertising department from what I hear," says Friday. Still, he doesn't hold a grudge. "I'd probably go back, but under my terms—exclusive rights to my cartoons and a little bit more money." Friday and his wife have both worked full-time jobs in addition to running their farm, and none of their five children could afford to follow in the family footsteps. "It's sad," he says. "My two oldest are in construction, one's in real estate, one's a teacher, and the other is a lawyer. It costs less to get a law degree than it does to start farming. Isn't that something?" *Something* is one word for it.

Monsanto, a chemical company that brought us DDT, PCBs, aspartame, saccharin and bonus—cancer!—has been terrifying farmers since the 1980s, when it switched its focus to agrochemicals and agricultural biotechnology. But don't blame them for Friday's termination. Monsanto's corporate media relations lead Christi Dixon reached out on Monsanto's website with a public assurance: "Rick.... As you may know, we weren't aware of the cartoon until Monday, May 2 and we had no part in your departure from *Farm News*. We appreciate anyone who speaks out on behalf of farmers."

That's rich coming from a company that fought all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court to uphold its right to sue small farmers whose fields were inadvertently contaminated by even miniscule traces of Monsanto products. If you really want a sense of Monsanto's appreciation for farmers, check out the 2015 mini-documentary *Seeding Fear*, produced by musician Neil Young and currently available on YouTube.

"The farmer is the only man in our economy who buys everything at retail, sells everything at wholesale and pays the freight both ways." —JOHN F. KENNEDY, U.S. PRESIDENT

Free Porn!

I saw the news that Larry is giving out free copies of the latest Donald Trump porn parody movie *The Donald* to every Republican in Congress. Then I read that Larry is giving free copies of HUSTLER to every member of Utah's state legislature in response to that state's governor (Gary Herbert) declaring porn a "public health crisis." Have you folks ever wondered if maybe those Rebutt-licken assholes are just talking so much shit in order to get free porn?

Back when I was a teenager, HUSTLER magazines were like golden manna from heaven. So if Larry wants to donate porn to horny monkey spankers, then build a time machine, travel back to the mid-1990s and give a stack of material to me and my friends. I love getting HUSTLER every month. Unfortunately, a lot of people these days don't value good porn as much as they used to, because some motherfuckers think they should be able to rip it all off for free online. I invest in the erotic arts because it's worth having good pornography in the world and in my personal erection collection.

If Larry wants to make a political and social statement, he could donate porn to homeless shelters and also to cash-strapped students on college campuses. But if Larry wants to give a bunch of porn away for free for no reason, well, he can always send a giant skanker-tanker truck of it my way. Then I can start my own filthy store right here in Shittsburgh. Heck, if I can make them ol' streets any stickier, then I'll have done my part for America too.

—Lee Paxton
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania

Too Slutty?

It is too bad a smut peddler like you could not be President. I have been a fan of your magazine since I was 13. Now that I'm older, I have a subscription to your magazine. I love it! There is nothing in there that scares me. Your editorials are spot on. I only wish that sometimes you would write about Canadian issues or poke fun at our new Liberal government.

The real reason I am knocking on your door is because of your June 2016 issue featuring Amber Rose. This is the only thing in your magazine that has ever offended me in the 17 years I have paid attention to your publication. I appreciate the models in your magazine and what they do, but this abomination of a female telling other females that it is okay to dress like a slut is completely one-minded. In her interview she boasts about dressing so scantily that she causes car accidents and she is proud of it. Endangering lives—great idea! I believe in the empowerment of women, but not this way. I find it hard to believe that Amber could write a book with any grammatical competence, since she uses the word *like* 47 times. What a fraud! She is not a woman to be revered. In the words of Forrest Gump, "That's all I have to say about that."

—Dirty Danny Duncan
Niagara, Ontario

Brett Rossi and Samantha Saint made readers sweat in our Anniversary '16 issue.

Missed You Too

Having just bought your Anniversary 2016 issue, here are some comments from a devoted reader. I missed the *Feedback* column. Not so much as to see something from me, but I do enjoy reading comments from other readers. If you could find room for a second page of *Feedback* letters, that would be appreciated by many. Now about the women, which is what HUSTLER is all about to me. Your centerfold pictorial with Brett Rossi and Samantha Saint [*Hot Stuff*] was as good a lesbian show as I have seen in any porn magazine in a hell of a long time. This is 1,000% hardcore shit beautifully photographed by Tammy Sands, who is producing brilliant porno layouts in 2016. Clearly this pictorial and both dolls rate five stars for their magnificent XXX production. Thanks for this great issue!

—Bill Smith
Chicago, Illinois

Goddess Grey

Just recently started to get HUSTLER, and it is by far amazing. June is an awesome issue. Alex Grey [*Morning Glow*] is a goddess, and I'd love to get a taste as she sits on my face and then goes to her favorite cowgirl position. Keep it up, HUSTLER.

—James Armstrong
Mahomet, Illinois

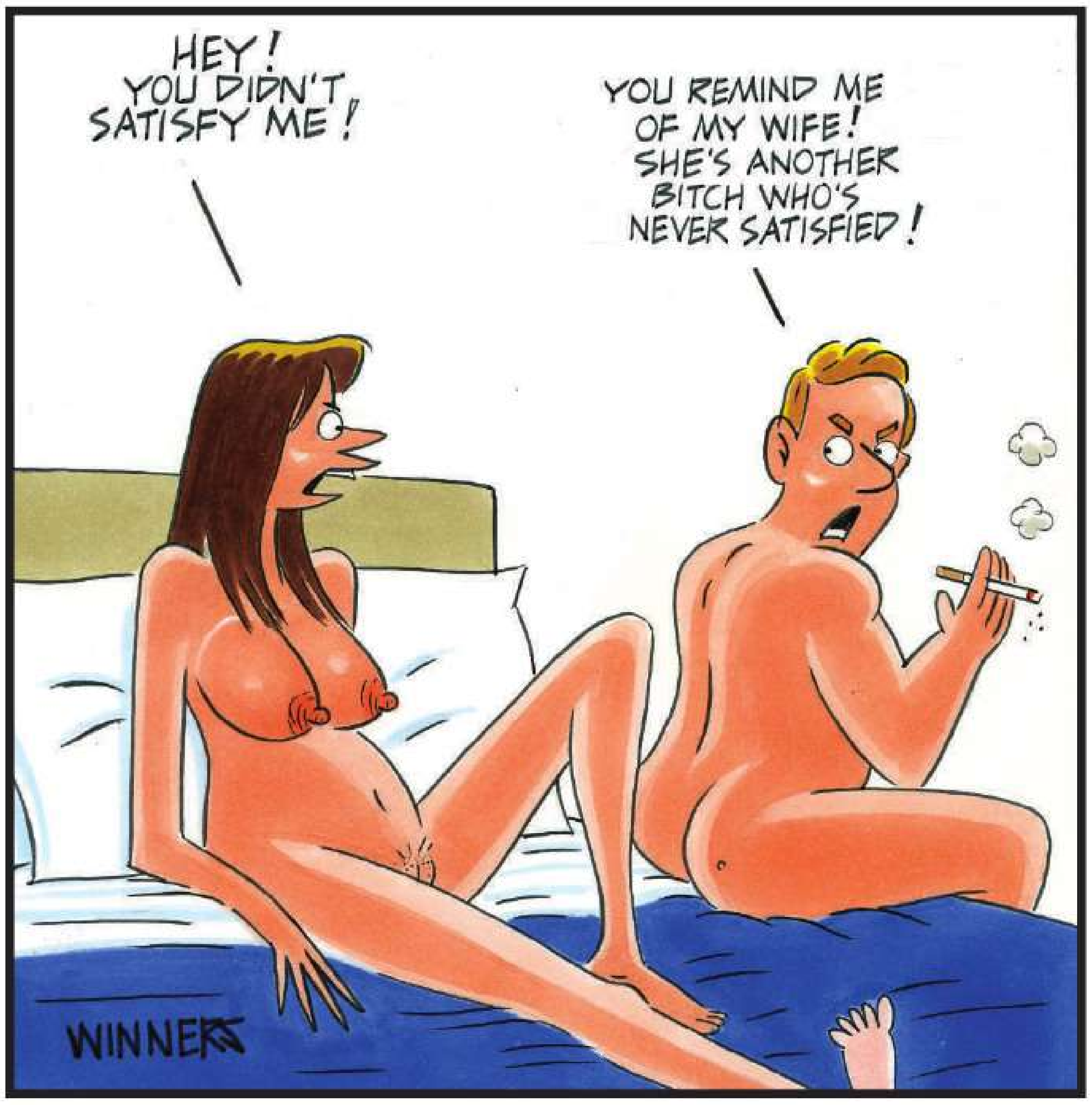
Because.

Why? Why? Why? I have been a reader of HUSTLER for a few years now and generally love the magazine. But after reading numerous issues, I just have one question: Why does a pussy mag for men give a fuck about fags and homos so much?

—Brad Thompson
Mankato, Minnesota

HUSTLER aims to be a pussy mag that gives a fuck about everyone. Disputations are part of living in a democracy, so if we offended you, God Bless America!

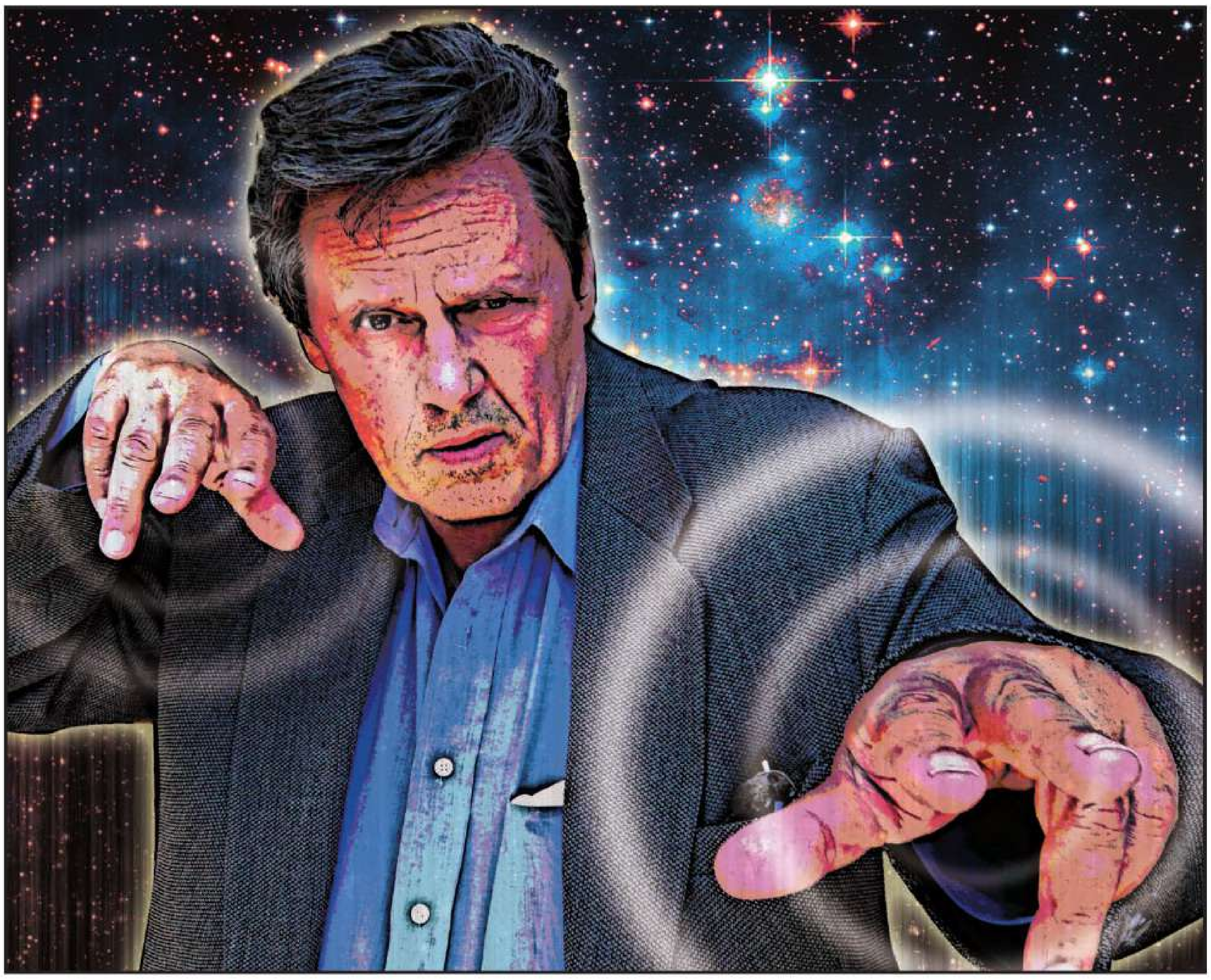
Congratulations to Dirty Danny of Niagara, Ontario in Canada for sending in our *Feedback* Letter of the Month. It isn't easy to offend our readers, and additionally, a man who values grammatical competence in a female is no one to sneeze at. We'll be sending him something nice from the HUSTLER store to help soothe his disappointment in Amber Rose's joie de vivre. Want to be next month's winner? Send letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. Be sure to indicate your hometown and a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.


HEY! YOU DIDN'T SATISFY ME!
YOU REMIND ME OF MY WIFE! SHE'S ANOTHER BITCH WHO'S NEVER SATISFIED!
WINNER

CHEMTRAILS AND MIND CONTROL

REMEMBERING HUSTLER'S EDITORIAL DIRECTOR BRUCE DAVID

BY KEITH VALCOURT



They say you should not speak ill of the dead. But *they*, whoever they are, never met Bruce David. When the longtime Editorial Director of HUSTLER passed away in June 2016, messages flooded in from his former employees and coworkers, ranging from the obligatory "That's sad" to "That's good news!" to "He was an asshole, but he was *our* asshole." How do you memorialize a man who agitated, aggravated and pissed off most people he met? Who taunted, teased and occasionally tortured his staff? You tell the truth. Your truth. As Bruce David did in the pages of HUSTLER every day during his time here. You don't sugarcoat it. You mention the conspiracy theories, the paranoia and the weirdness.

You have to be honest, direct and graphic. Because that's what Bruce did in every article, cartoon and column he placed in HUSTLER. Truth is, Bruce David never truly cared about anyone's opinion of him. Except maybe Larry Flynt's. Bruce didn't care. It was one of the qualities that made him a singular force. He really only cared about a few things: his sons, his website www.swapsale.com and making HUSTLER Magazine the greatest publication on the newsstand.

Bruce started at HUSTLER in the mid-1970s, after a stint working for Al Goldstein on his revolutionary cable show *Midnight Blue* and landmark smut mag *Screw*. Bruce loved to brag about how Larry "stole" him away from Goldstein. We asked Mr. Flynt to give us the true story. "Bruce was working for *Screw* magazine and wrote a review of the very first issue of HUSTLER back in 1974. He said, 'The new men's upstart, HUSTLER, has just nudged out *Refrigerator Monthly* as the most boring publication in America.' So I called him up. I told him, 'I love your review. And I agree with you, by the way. Why don't you come to Columbus and help us out.'"

Bruce spent the next decade helping to transform the magazine into a landmark publication. He tailored HUSTLER's editorial content to reflect his tastes and beliefs. Articles about conspiracy theories and government plots became the norm, as well as the most graphic images possible. The coverlines on the magazine dared you *not* to read HUSTLER. Bruce was part P.T. Barnum, part Robert Ripley. All focus. He left in the 1980s to live out his dreams of working as a television writer. He wrote scripts for the classic sitcoms *ALF* and *Family Ties*, as well as the drama *MacGyver*. In 1996 he returned to LFP to create the magazine *Rage* before helming HUSTLER once again until his semiretirement in 2013.

I first met Bruce in 2004, when I became the *Bits & Pieces*/Entertainment Editor. During my first week there he screamed at me while I was outside on my lunch hour because I was eating microwave popcorn. "Are you an idiot?! That shit will give you cancer!" This while he was sucking down yet another in a series of cigarettes. (By my count he smoked a pack a day.) "Doesn't matter anyway," he said smugly. "See those?" He pointed at the jet exhaust being made by a commercial airliner flying above. "Those are chemtrails. The government is spraying us all on a daily basis to keep us in line. They are slowly killing us." He believed that.

In print Bruce often had me refer to him as "The Asshole Down the Hall," an ominous, oppressive force out to ruin everybody's good time. And there were times when he was that. Canceling monthly pizza parties so employees couldn't "become friends and conspire against me." Bruce's words. And times when he wasn't. One day he demanded I run to my doctor's office and demand they give me three prescriptions of Tamiflu to protect my wife, baby daughter and myself from the impending bird flu.

When I developed stomach issues and a colonoscopy revealed it was nothing more than stress caused by work (aka Bruce), he had the solution. Bruce leaned across his desk and said, "I can heal you with my mind." *What?!* For close to an hour Bruce sat across from me, eyes closed, focusing on sending healing energy into the air. He never touched me. And my stomach never improved. But I let him think it did.

As the years rolled on, I saw cracks in the veneer that let me know he wasn't a tough guy. At times I saw him act human. When a minor earthquake shook the Flynt building, staffers gathered at my door and asked what we should do. I said, "Let's ask Bruce." At that exact moment a second jolt hit, and our fearless leader came screaming down the hall, arms flailing. He nearly bowled a few of us over making for the exit.

There were other times he would let his guard down. During several of my celebrity feature interviews for HUSTLER, Bruce insisted on sitting in on the interviews, especially if they were sci-fi stars. When I arranged for his hero William Shatner to come in, Bruce was reduced to a fanboy. Beyond wanting to be in the room for the chat, Bruce mentioned he had a pair of boots he bought online that Shatner had worn on *Star Trek* and he was going to have Shatner sign them. I begged him not to. But he was the boss. As I wrapped up the interview, Bruce rushed Shatner, boots in hand, and gushed. Shatner was quick to point out that the boots were too small for him and featured a heel that he would have never worn. Bruce was dejected, but still sheepishly asked, "Will you sign them anyway?"

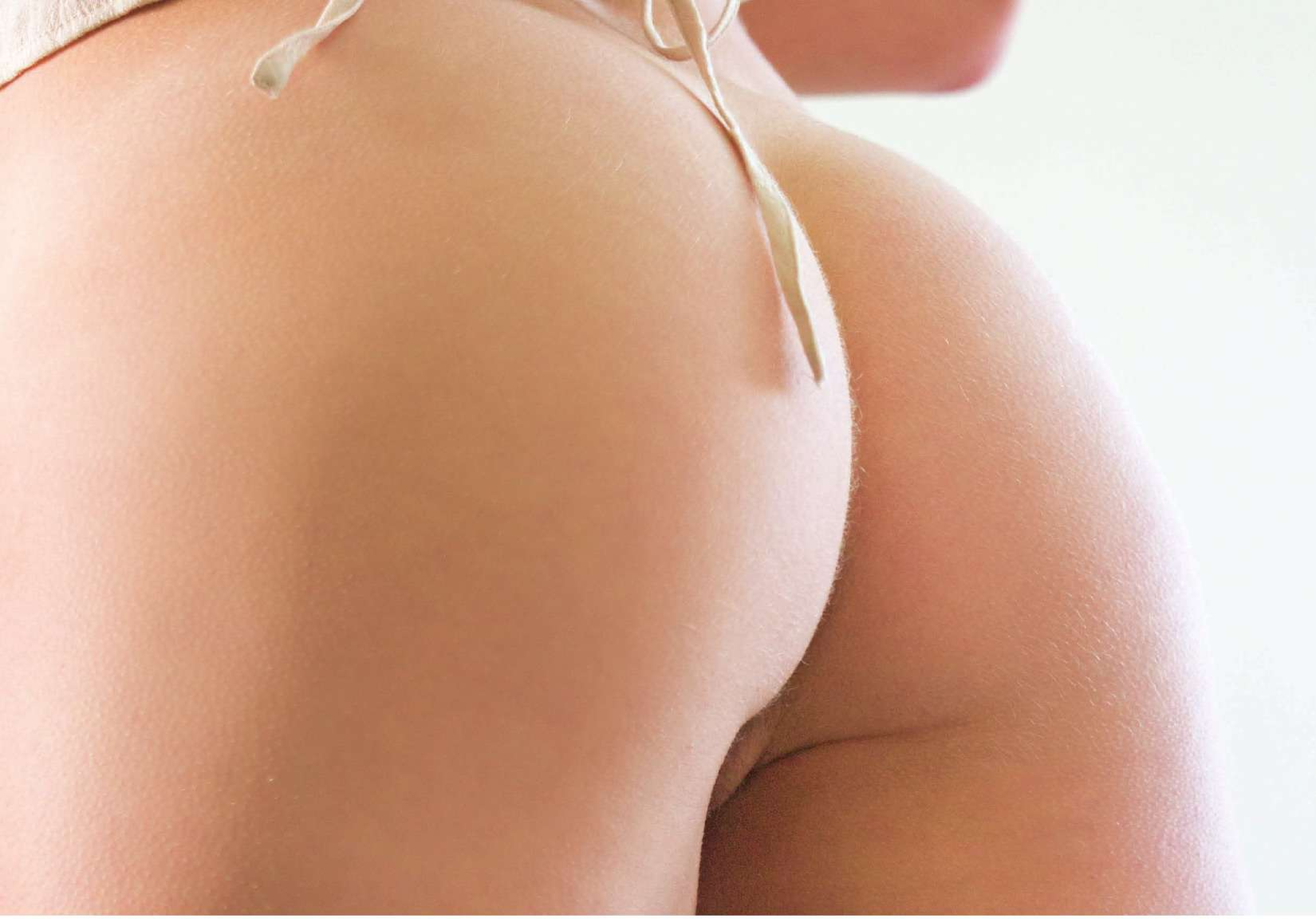
I think that may have been only one of two times he ever said thank you to me. It's fitting that longtime Managing Editor Morgen "Tex" Hagen memorialized Bruce in this way: "'You either believe in yourself or you don't,' said *Star Trek*'s Captain James T. Kirk. Those words describe Bruce David, a sci-fi aficionado who idolized the commander of the Starship *Enterprise*. As Larry Flynt's longtime right-hand man and fellow visionary, Bruce merits another Kirk maxim, 'Most legends have their basis in fact.'"

Bruce was a lot of things. My mentor. My boss. Not my friend. My greatest tormentor and my biggest supporter. A constant source for comic material. And "The Asshole Down the Hall." But in the end I'm glad to have known him and thankful he gave a "bit-part sitcom actor" a shot. I hope he will be remembered fondly and missed by those whose lives he touched. Even the ones he fucked with. Larry perhaps summed it up best when he said, "Bruce David worked for Larry Flynt Publications for nearly four decades. He was stubborn, arrogant, very creative. He was Bruce." That he was. H

ARYA
FAE

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM



Sex is fun, an adventure. All you need in a partner is a good personality. When I first started exploring, I found myself a 'practice guy' who wasn't necessarily my type, but he adored me. Knowing he was so infatuated gave me the confidence to try out absolutely everything.

“Once I snuck into his neighbors' house while he was dog-sitting for them. We fucked everywhere and anywhere in that house. It was definitely one of my favorite sex experiences, especially the next morning, when his mother came over to check on things and I had to hide in the shower! Practice guys. God bless 'em.”

ARYA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Dayton, Ohio** | AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-3** | MEASUREMENTS: **32B-25-37**
FAVORITE POSITIONS: **Doggy and cowgirl!** | TWITTER: **@Arya_Fae**

BRETT ROSSI HEARTSTRINGS

THE STUNNINGLY BEAUTIFUL BRETT ROSSI OPENS HER HEART TO DESCRIBE HER LOVE FOR CHARLIE SHEEN, THEIR BRUTAL BREAKUP AND HER THRIVING CAREER IN HARDCORE.

ARTICLE BY KIMBERLY CHENG

PHOTOGRAPHY BY R.E. STANLEY

Brett Rossi spots me outside of her Sherman Oaks apartment and waves me over. “Hi,” she says. “Welcome to my temporary humble abode.” She walks me through the gate to her front door, where I’m immediately bear-hugged by Sam, a huge yellow Labrador.

Unbeknownst to Brett, I met her in 2011, when she waltzed into HUSTLER seeking a shot at being a Honey. She was sweet and eager and fairly green. Three years later I saw her splashed across the pages of tabloids, propped on the arm of Charlie Sheen, once the highest paid actor on TV—before his very public nuclear meltdown. Brett looked every bit the part of a hot, young celebrity fiancée, flaunting her lean body, big breasts and long legs.

The girl standing in front of me, however, looks nothing like the porn star I expected. Wearing an oversize sweater, black sweatpants, wide-rimmed glasses and no makeup, Brett says, “Sorry, my house is a mess. I’ve been here two months and still haven’t unpacked because I’m looking for a bigger place.”

Brett’s two-bedroom, unmessy apartment is modestly sized, beautifully furnished and color-coordinated in grays and turquoise blues. There’s a “doggy oasis” on the balcony for her three dogs—Sam, Tiny and Charles—equipped with a patch of real grass (a new one gets delivered every week), an automatic water dispenser and several potted plants. A giant painting on her wall depicts a woman being dragged underwater by a cement block labeled “Life.” In her hand, desperately trying to pull her up, is a diminutive red balloon with another word, “Dream.”

It pretty much sums up Brett’s recent dalliance with *Anger Management* star Charlie Sheen. For six months he tried to meet her through mutual friends. “Charlie and I are from different generations. I’ve never seen *Two and a Half Men* or anything he’s been in. I had no idea who he was, but he was a fan of my work.”

So when Sheen offered Brett $10,000 to hang out, she obliged and quickly fell in love with him. “It was like meeting someone I’ve known my entire life.” But, according to Brett, Sheen turned out to be an abusive, coked-out sex addict with an affinity for tiger blood and goddesses. She endured a volatile relationship that left her with an abortion, an HIV scare and a $5,000,000 lawsuit. “Love really is blind,” she summarizes.

Brett says she did everything for Sheen. Prior to meeting him, she had saved up enough money to retire from porn and decided to pursue a “normal” career by enrolling in nursing school. But when she met Sheen, she dropped out just short of graduation because he didn’t want her to work. She insists that she never asked him for help, never asked him to use his clout to further her career. “I wanted him to know I was here for him, that I was loyal to him.” >>

Now she's suing Sheen for assault and battery, emotional distress, false imprisonment and negligence. What's worse, her retirement savings have been depleted because of her legal fees.

Despite all the chaos, Brett remains surprisingly upbeat, particularly because today we're going to visit Virgil, the horse she bought years ago that she keeps ranched in Hidden Hills.

Brett trots off to her room to get dressed. She picks up a pair of nipple clamps and laughs suggestively before opening a dresser to show me her insanely organized, color-coded selection of bras and underwear.

"I guess I should wear underwear today. The hardest part of the day is picking out your underwear, especially if you have a shoot."

In a second her oversize sweater and sweatpants are gone. The olive green "equestrian breeches" she puts on are the tiniest pair of pants I've ever seen, which of course fit her like a glove. Finishing her ensemble with black riding boots and a vest, Brett wanders over to the bathroom to do her makeup.

"I was a total tomboy growing up. I don't usually wear makeup."

Born Scottine Ross in Fontana, California, Brett started out as a runway model at age 14. When she turned 18, she realized she was "too short to be a real runway model." A year later she got looped into the Playboy Mansion scene and donned a bunny suit before becoming a *Playboy* Cybergirl—around the same time she became a *Penthouse* Pet. Once Hugh and team found out, she was never invited back to the mansion again.

"At Penthouse back in 2010, I overheard girls talking about making a lot of money doing girl-girl. I was like, 'You mean I don't have to suck a dick for money?'" And so began her first foray into hardcore pornography.

"People always jab me in the press like, *Eww, she was a porn star.* Kim Kardashian is famous because of a sex tape. Blac Chyna was a stripper. Amber Rose was a stripper. Kendra Wilkinson did porn. But it's a big fucking deal if you start in porn? It's so hypocritical."

Brett finishes her makeup quickly and signals that she's ready to go. Minutes later we're piling into her Range Rover. "My car's a mess. It smells like cigarettes, dog and traveling. You don't mind if I smoke, do you? I only have to smoke when I'm driving. I used to smoke way more when I was with Charlie. He smoked three packs a day."

Brett recounts her time living with Sheen. She says she wasn't allowed to leave the house because he was always paranoid about her cheating. The only friends Brett could see were her married girlfriends, like adult star Samantha Saint. She also tried crack for the first time.

"Charlie had just gotten back on it and was like, 'I just want you to understand it.' It's by far the most pointless drug I've ever done. You sit there and don't talk. We'd play on our fucking iPads."

When the couple split weeks before their November 2014 wedding, Charlie blamed it on his children deserving "more focus than a relationship does right now." Brett had a hard time recovering from the tumultuous engagement. For a year she stayed away from the spotlight, declined interview requests and ate edible marijuana in order to cope.

"It really fucked me up. This was somebody I loved, and I was going to marry him, and I just don't think it's fucking— What is there to talk about? It's very personal, and I was just in a place where I didn't want to feel anything. I needed to find myself again."

Sheen stripped Brett of her confidence and dignity, she tells me. He put her in a really dark place, and one of the only things she found comfort in was Virgil. >>

“KIM KARDASHIAN IS FAMOUS BECAUSE OF A SEX TAPE. BLAC CHYNA WAS A STRIPPER. AMBER ROSE WAS A STRIPPER. KENDRA WILKINSON DID PORN. BUT IT’S A BIG FUCKING DEAL IF YOU START IN PORN? IT’S SO HYPOCRITICAL.”

When we finally pull up to the ranch, the massive black and white horse awaiting Brett's arrival is impossible to miss.

"Hi, Virgie!" Brett's face lights up. Virgie isn't saddled; Brett says she'd rather walk him down to the arena and let him exercise. She pats his mane and scratches his chin, which elicits a huge, horse-toothed smile. "I taught him how to do that," she beams.

We head down the road and turn onto a dirt trail. Virgil stops every few feet to nibble on the surrounding foliage. We pass Kim Kardashian's in-the-works palace lined with dozens of construction vehicles. "Everyone here hates her," Brett declares before introducing me to the neighborhood alpaca. I eagerly wave hello, but it refuses to tread any closer.

"So Virgil helped you through your breakup?"

"Yeah, I was here all the time spending time with him. I usually ride him down here, down that hill," she says, pointing to a precariously steep incline. "I didn't talk to anybody."

In November 2015, when Sheen publicly acknowledged that he was HIV-positive—and had been for four years—Brett ended her year-long media hiatus to stand up for herself. "I had to go on national television and tell the world I didn't have HIV. I'll never forget it."

That's not the only thing Brett opened up about. She pulled back the curtain on her entire relationship. "I knew I had to tell the truth because if I didn't, [the media] would find out, and I would lose all validity in everything I do. Plus, I believe if you don't have secrets, no one can sell your secrets."

When Sheen was allegedly caught on tape saying he'd "rather spend $20,000 to have her head kicked in," Brett immediately filed a restraining order.

"Charlie's side went to the news and was like, it's all a publicity stunt. I wasn't the one who was recorded planning to have someone come and kill me. How could that be a publicity stunt? I heard it. It was terrifying."

Brett leads the way down another hill toward the arena, which is more than half the size of a football field. I watch from the outskirts as she walks Virgil inside and releases his reins. With a swish of her hand, he is off running laps with Brett cheering him on: "Run, Virgie, run!"

Every time Virgil slows down, she dashes toward him and winds up her arm to get him going again. It's a perfect California day, and Brett and Virgil run together around the arena. After about a dozen sprints Brett reattaches Virgil's reins and walks up to the entrance, noticeably out of breath. She leads him to the water trough, and he drinks generously.

"When I bought him, he was in such a bad state. He was so dirty, and his tail and mane were matted." Brett showers kisses under his left eye and points out a black, heart-shaped spot covering it. She points to a broken-heart-shaped spot on his body too. "I love that about him." Virgil goes back and forth from drinking water to nuzzling Brett, and she's completely unconcerned with the dirt and water he's getting all over her.

These days Brett is also completely unconcerned with what the public says about her. Since speaking out against Sheen in solidarity with "every woman that's been abused," Brett's more confident than ever. She enthusiastically relaunched her career and is now a feature dancer at clubs across the country, flying to a different city every week for the past six months.

"It's given me the opportunity to explore different cities and to meet my most loyal fans. And it's a lot of fun, but definitely taxing, being away from home a lot. So I'm looking forward to focusing on shooting more." >>

"I BELIEVE IF YOU DON'T HAVE SECRETS, NO ONE CAN SELL YOUR SECRETS."

Brett started filming again with the help of porn power couple Kayden Kross and Manuel Ferrara—and not just girl-girl. She jumped back in with her first boy-girl, her first threeway and a seven-guy blowbang.

"Doing boy-girl was what I wanted to do. I have been in the adult business since 2010, and I knew I wanted to give that shock value to my fans, as well as create a new fan base. I wanted to do something that I hadn't explored yet. I wanted new experiences. And most of all, instead of always being nominated for awards, I actually want to win them this time around." Brett's focused on expanding her brand through her work, her website and social media—she's even starting a new clothing line.

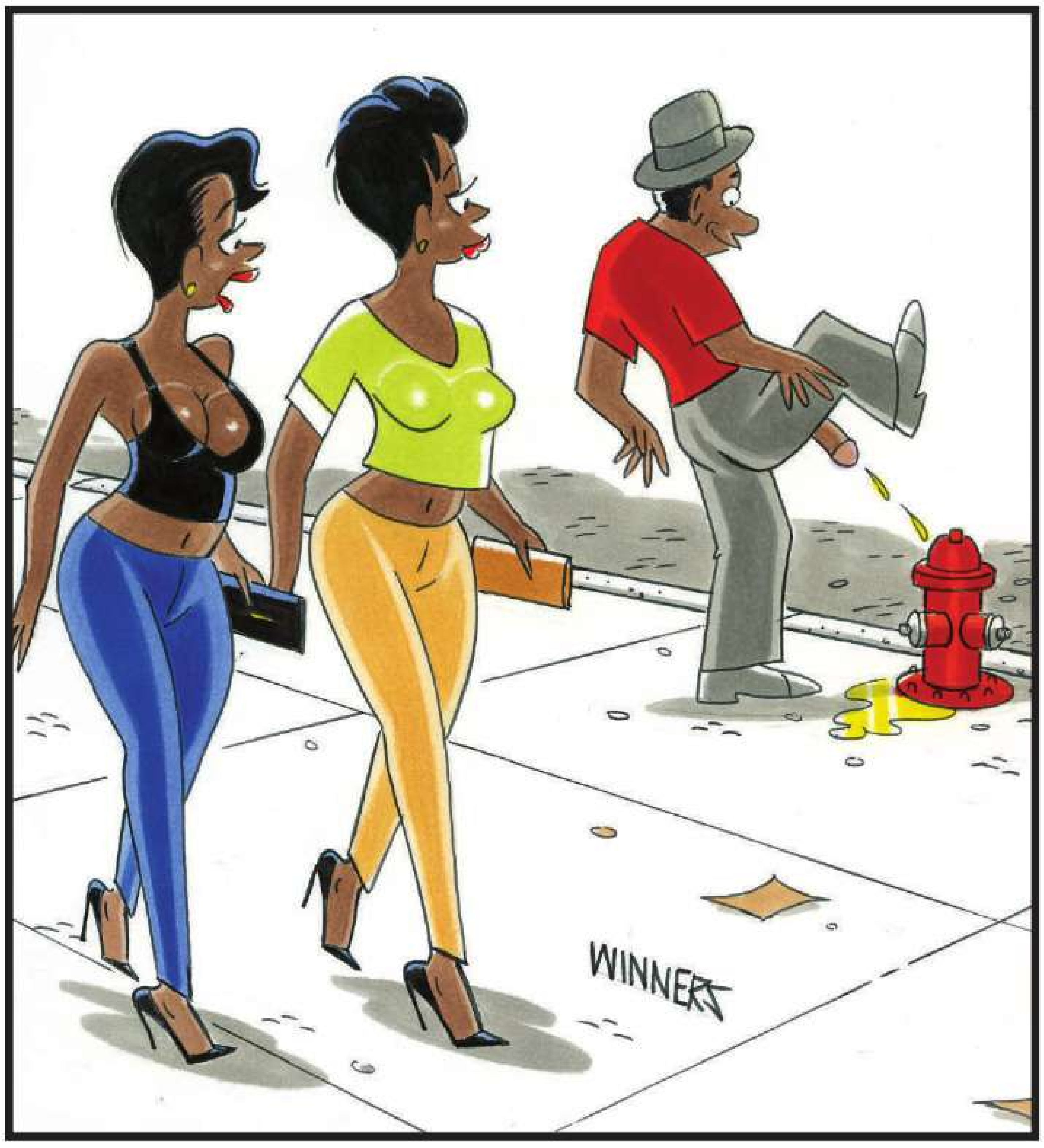
Plus, she's now in a happy, healthy relationship. His name is Michael, a 27-year-old director in the adult industry. "We have been together since January, and we're together 24/7 unless I'm working. I don't hang out with anyone else. He's my best friend."

Her other best friend is Virgil. Brett scratches his chin, producing another ear-to-ear grin, and decides it's time to walk him back up to the ranch. When we get there, she brings her face toward Virgil's, gives him a nuzzle and begrudgingly says goodbye. Back in the Rover, Brett lights up another cigarette.

"So do you regret it?" I ask.

"Charlie? No. I think everything is a learning experience. Everything happens for a reason. If I hadn't been with Charlie, maybe I wouldn't be with Michael now."

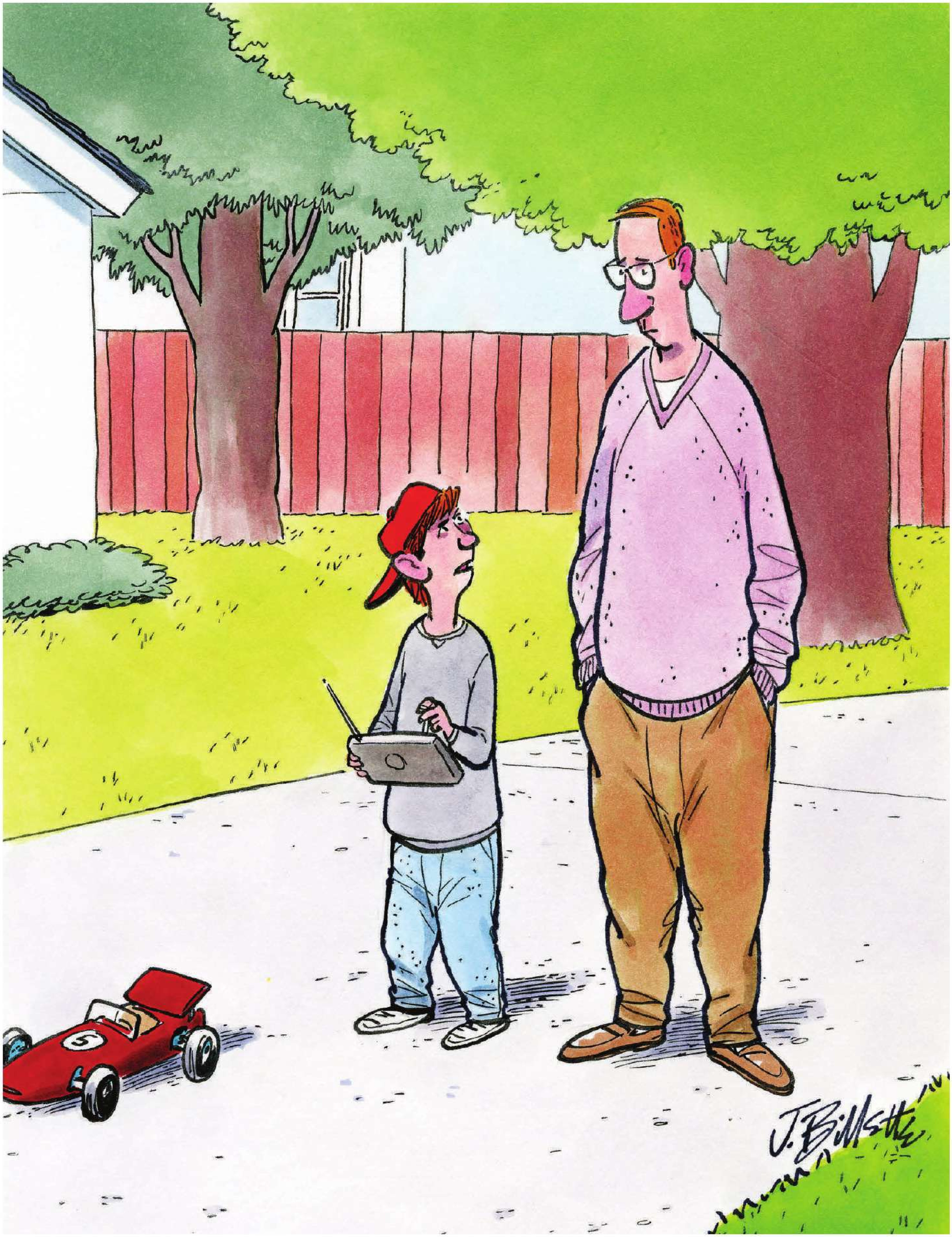
Follow Brett's exciting career on her website ***BrettRossi.com*** *and on Twitter and Instagram @ImBrettRossi. For a sizzling 12-page layout of Brett and Samantha Saint, pick up our Anniversary 2016 Collector's Edition.*



"It's like I've been trying to tell you, girl, men are nothing but dogs."

"AND MOST OF ALL, INSTEAD OF ALWAYS BEING NOMINATED FOR AWARDS, I ACTUALLY WANT TO WIN THEM THIS TIME AROUND."

PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO



"Dad, we need to have a man-to-man. You gotta fuck Mom better!
She keeps stealing the batteries out of my toys to put in her vibrator."

NINA NORTH

PASSION

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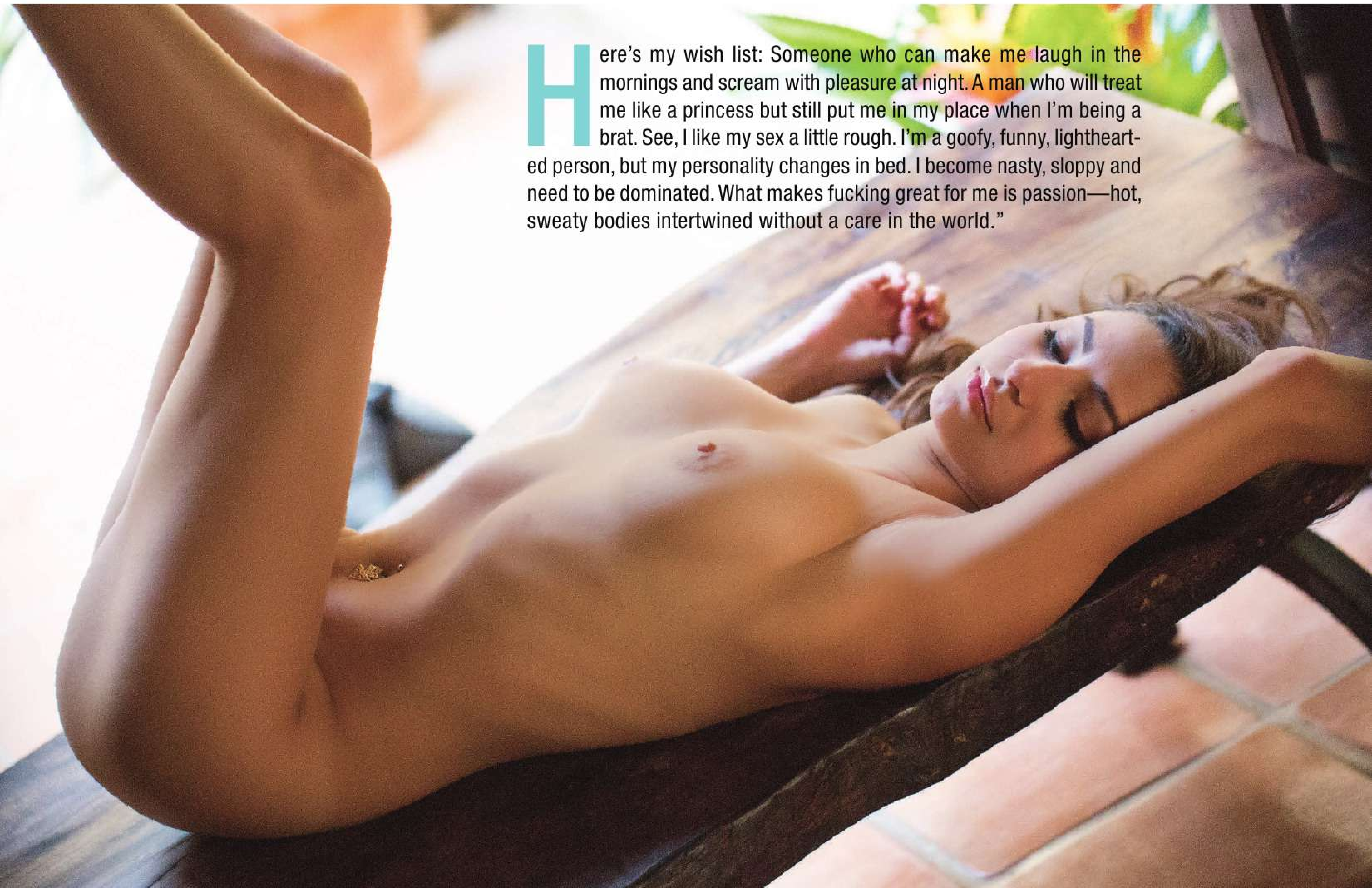
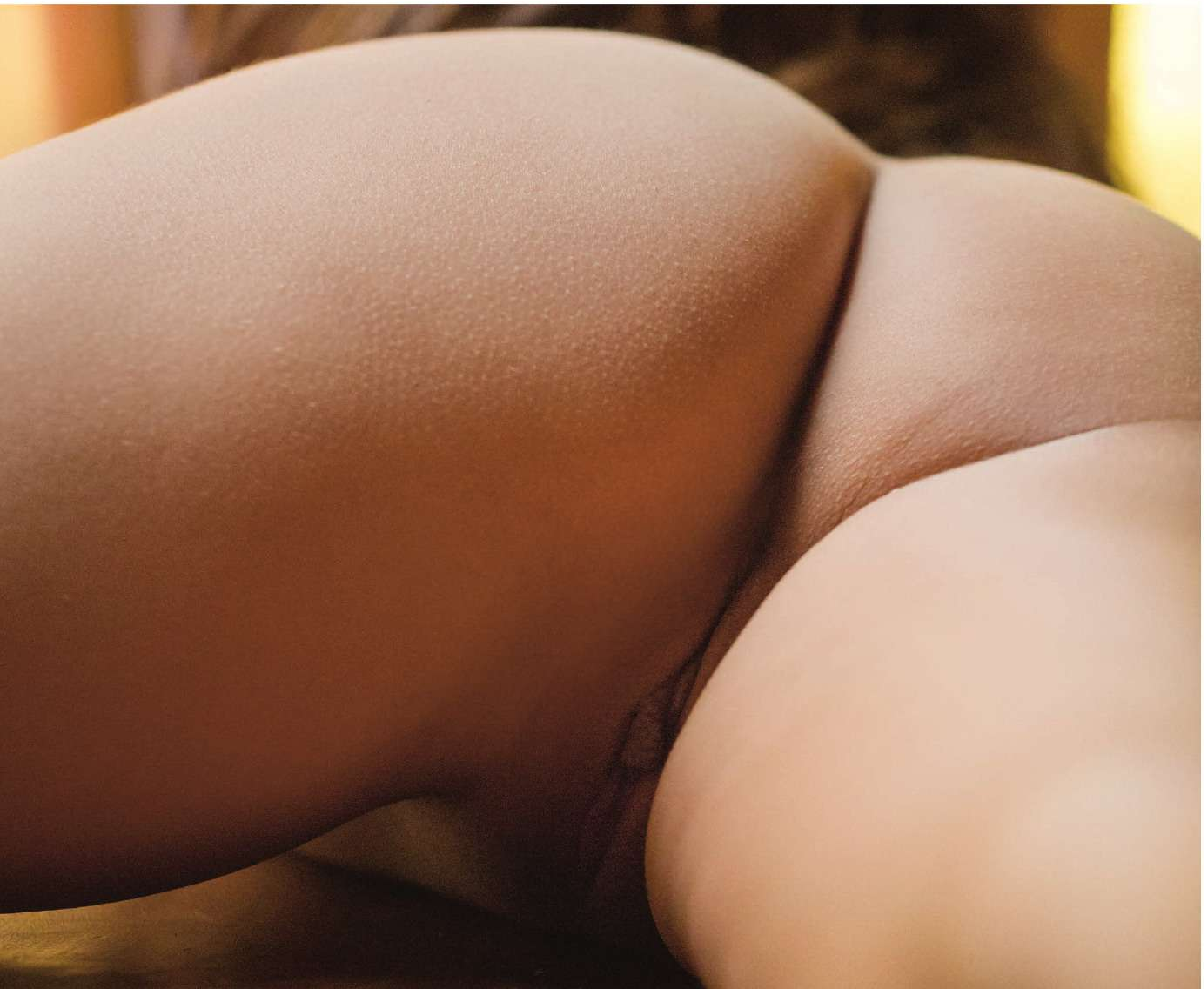
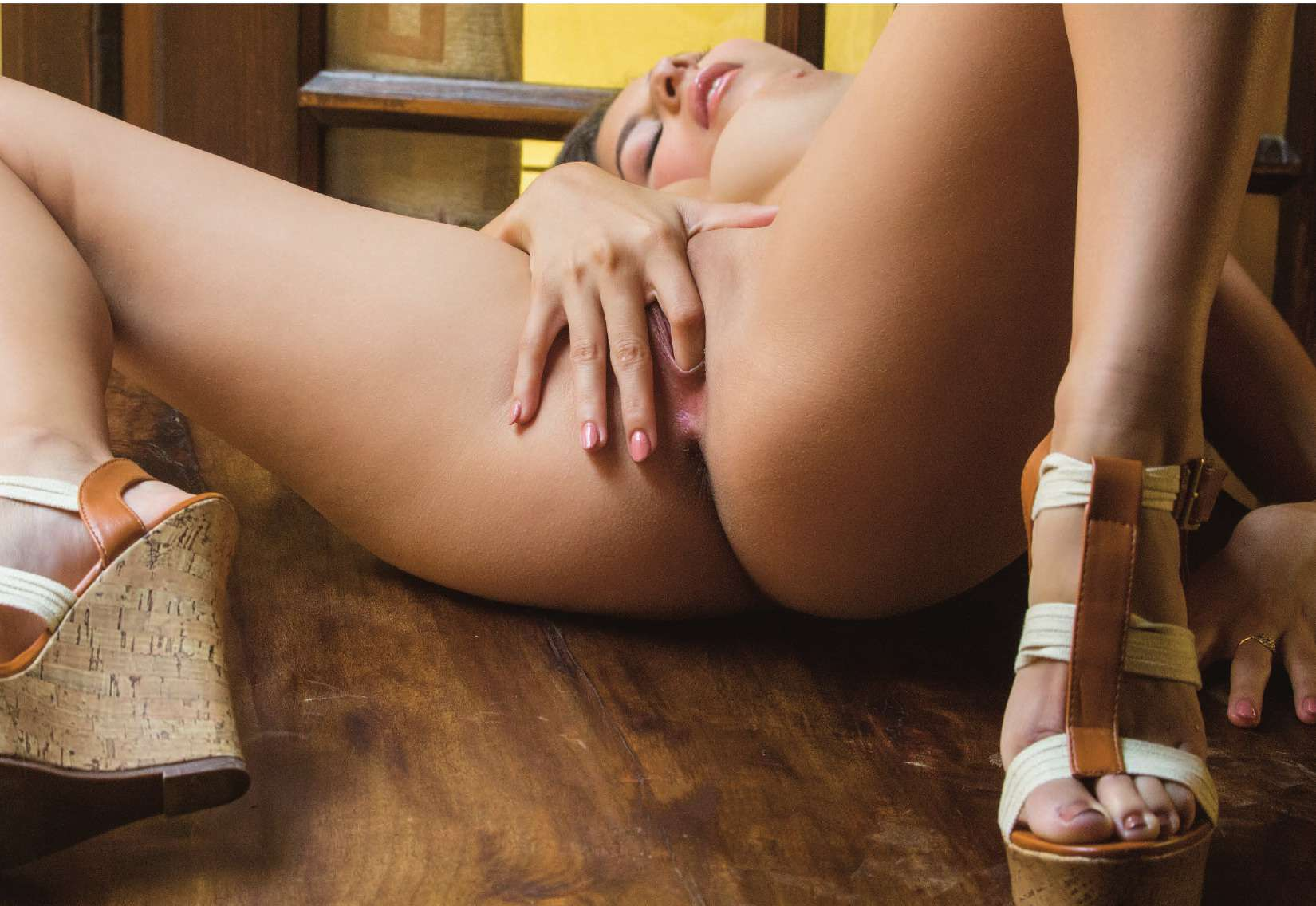


Here's my wish list: Someone who can make me laugh in the mornings and scream with pleasure at night. A man who will treat me like a princess but still put me in my place when I'm being a brat. See, I like my sex a little rough. I'm a goofy, funny, lighthearted person, but my personality changes in bed. I become nasty, sloppy and need to be dominated. What makes fucking great for me is passion—hot, sweaty bodies intertwined without a care in the world."





NINA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Durham, North Carolina**

AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-2** | MEASUREMENTS: **32D-25-32**

FAVORITE POSITION: **Cowgirl** | TWITTER: **@NinaNorth19**

THE AMERICAN WHORE

BY SIOUXSIE Q

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ISABEL DRESLER

SIOUXSIE Q IS THE CREATOR AND HOST OF THE *THE WHORECAST*, AN ACCLAIMED PODCAST THAT SHOWCASES THE STORIES, ART AND VOICES OF AMERICAN SEX WORKERS. HER COLUMN “THE WHORE NEXT DOOR” APPEARS IN *SF WEEKLY*, AND HER FIRST BOOK, *TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE AMERICAN WHORE*, IS NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE. HERE’S A TASTE.

EXCERPT PRINTED COURTESY THREEL MEDIA

During Game Five of the 2010 World Series, my dad and I sat side by side at a sushi bar in my Central Coast hometown. We ordered two scallop hand rolls and two sake bombs. The head rush of the wasabi and the calming heat of the rice wine dulled the anxiety of a day spent navigating ICU doctors and nursing assistants.

My mom was in the hospital, awaiting brain surgery. She had been diagnosed with a rare cranial bleed that had rapidly claimed her ability to walk, speak, eat and breathe on her own. I'd dropped everything I had going on in San Francisco and drove down the peninsula to be by her side. By the opening pitch of Game Five, I hadn't been to work in more than a week. I had recently quit my horrible retail job at a stationery store in Pacific Heights and started dancing naked full time at the Lusty Lady Theatre in North Beach. My dad didn't know that yet, but that night I was considering telling him. I feared he'd be upset or disappointed, and I was sure he'd want to know why I'd chosen this new profession.

I've heard that your first year in San Francisco is the hardest, and I absolutely found that to be the case. Even working full time at my retail job, I barely made enough money to make ends meet. The first month I lived there, I didn't have enough to buy groceries, so I rationed myself one piece of pita bread with butter each day, leftover from when my aunt had taken me out for Persian food to welcome me to the city. For lunch, I'd go to the La Boulange bakery on Union Street and fill up on free olives and tiny French pickles. I also hated my retail job. Hawking rhinestone-covered greeting cards to Danielle Steel and the upper crust of the city took a little piece of my soul each day.

But it wasn't just financial pressures that prompted the leap into sex work. I had read about the Lusty Lady in college. It was a unicorn in the adult industry: a worker-owned, unionized peep show where alternative looks and attitudes were celebrated. Sex work had always intrigued me and, whenever money got tight post-college, I would cruise the Craigslist Adult Services listings and contemplate the option. One of my childhood babysitters was a retired San Francisco stripper who had danced on Broadway in the early 1980s. She told me stories of champagne bubble baths and dancing the night away. It certainly sounded like much more fun than my current position.

So I decided to audition. I didn't think they would hire me; I was chubbier than your average stripper and had always thought that my body would hold me back from doing any kind of sex work. But it didn't. They hired me immediately and, before I knew it, I was spinning on a pole in six-inch heels.

As it turns out, I loved dancing naked.

For a while, I was still working my retail job. When I got off work at 5 p.m. each day, I'd hop on Muni with my stripper heels in my purse and transform from frumpy retail girl to powerful goddess of sex and mystery. I felt like I had a delicious secret, and it made the hours at my straight job a little less excruciating. At the end of the shift I'd be tired, and my feet and knees would throb, but I'd also be exhilarated. Soon I made enough money at the Lusty to abandon my day job altogether and make the leap into doing sex work full time.

My dad had always been supportive of my endeavors in arts and music, but I wasn't sure how he'd react to my recent pivot to the adult industry.

He was also in a union. I grew up going to protests and hearing lectures on the power of the people. Blue-collar values and union pride were an important part of our household. That's partially why I ended up at the Lusty.

We talked baseball that night, instead of feelings, even though baseball makes my dad cry more than any emotional conversation. Then Edgar Renteria hit the three-run homer in the seventh inning and everything shifted. The Giants pulled ahead and it looked like they might actually take the Series for the first time in a half century.

It was a night for miracles, so I just went for it. Made bold by the sake and the magic of baseball, I came out to my father about being a sex worker.

I didn't expect him to be proud, but he was. Without having to explain, my dad understood that sex workers needed labor rights, just like any other workers.

Brian Wilson took the mound as the closing pitcher. It was the bottom of the ninth. "Fear the Beard!" my father shouted at the television and ordered another round of sake while we watched the final batters crumble under Wilson's prowess. When Wilson raised his eyes to the heavens in the wake of the historic win, my dad and I stood up and started high-fiving the sushi chefs. My confession hadn't changed a thing. >>

There are many different types of sex work: escorting, stripping, porn, webcam modeling, fetish services and many others. When I entered the industry, I dove in headfirst and tried as many different kinds of work as I could. My journey soon took me beyond the Lusty and into the thriving world of San Francisco's oldest profession.

My career change had come just in the nick of time. My mother's brain surgery left her unable to work and had given my father the new role of full-time caregiver. Sex work provided me the luxuries of a high hourly wage and a flexible schedule that allowed me to visit regularly, take her to doctor's appointments and help out financially on occasion.

But I have a suspicion that I would have inevitably become a sex worker, even without the circumstances of my mother's illness. I grew up idolizing historic figures like Mae West and Gypsy Rose Lee—outspoken women who used sexuality to leverage their careers. I saw that female sexuality was used to sell clothes, food, cars and liquor—yet, in the United States, it is illegal to sell sex itself. That just didn't make sense to me.

I was also fascinated by human intimacy and desire. I went on a lot of OkCupid dates and had a lot of one-night stands in my exploration of my own sexual identity. When I moved to San Francisco, I discovered that I enjoyed and excelled at kinks and fetishes beyond my wildest dreams, and I was ravenous for more. By the time I began my career at the Lusty, I knew more about sexuality than your average 24-year-old. Eventually, being promiscuous no longer thrilled me, and I decided that if I was going to have a just-for-fun, one-time encounter with someone who was only mediocre at sex, I wanted to be compensated with more than just pizza and beer.

"I AM A PROFESSIONAL, AND I AM PRO-MARRIAGE. I INTEND MY SERVICES TO SUPPORT THE RELATIONSHIPS THAT MATTER TO MY CLIENTS THE MOST, NOT TO DESTROY THEM."

Despite my logical understanding that sex work could be an empowered choice, I was still afraid to make the jump from stripper to hooker. The first time I took an appointment, I was terrified that I wouldn't know what to do or that the client would be rough or mean. Instead, I intuitively knew exactly what to do, the client was attractive and kind, and I made more money in one hour than I would have made in an entire shift at the Lusty.

I lived in the inner Richmond, but to take appointments with clients I would commute across the bridge to a small apartment in the East Bay. The building was modern and secure, but the walk to and from the BART station always made me feel vulnerable. I don't usually get scared when I walk around the Bay Area; it's my home. But I was not used to carrying such large sums of money around, and it made me nervous. The idea of going to the police had also shifted for me. Being a sex worker could now put me at risk for incarceration, even if I was the victim of a crime. I tucked the money I had made for the day under the arches of my feet in my canvas tennis shoes. It made the shoes too tight and the walk to the train painful. I must have looked ridiculous: a freckle-faced girl (with an overstuffed bag full of dildos and cheap lingerie) limping down the street at full speed. Riding back to the city on BART, I tried not to make eye contact with anyone, for fear that my secret identity would somehow be revealed. In hindsight, I'm sure I wasn't fooling anyone, since the riding crop I used for sessions was a bit too big for my bag and poked the people I stood next to when the train was crowded.

My paranoia was perhaps a bit overblown at first, but not unwarranted.

I sometimes feared arrest, robbery, but I rarely feared my clients. Though the criminalization of my work leaves me vulnerable to police and those who wish to harm me, I've been fortunate enough to have largely positive experiences at work.

The Bay Area is home to a diverse group of eccentric people with disposable incomes. My clients are often nerdy, and always interesting and often surprisingly endearing. San Francisco offers a buffet of sexual explorations, from festive polyamorous play parties to elaborate professional dungeons. I've had the opportunity to explore those things, but many of my clients have not. Some are in relationships that do not allow them to explore their kinks, some have professional identities that make public exploration impossible, and some are simply curious and want to explore their desires with a professional before embarking on a journey of their own. Sometimes my clients and I have a great deal in common. If my life had gone a different way and I had ended up in a more traditional lifestyle, I, too, might be paying someone to tie me up and tickle me on a Thursday afternoon.

However, not everyone I see is kinky. Some are looking for something as vanilla as a glass of wine and a heated conversation about the merits of *Star Trek* vs. *Star Wars*. The reasons they come to see me are as varied as their desires.

And then there's the elephant in the room: infidelity.

I'll say it: Many of my clients are married.

Some of their spouses know that they see me; others don't. Most of my married clients see their time with me as something that enables them to stay in a marriage that, aside from a lack of intimacy, is successful. Unlike with having an affair, though, I will never text a client in the middle of the night when he is home with his family. I will never get upset when a client chooses to spend time with his family rather than with me. I would never expect nor desire for my client to leave his wife to be with me. I am a professional, and I am pro-marriage. I intend my services to support the relationships that matter to my clients the most, not to destroy them.

People ask me, "What if he's ugly?" I tell them that my attraction to a client is largely irrelevant. When I find my clients attractive, it's a bonus—but it's not a requirement. The service I provide is companionship, and when someone is respectful, generous and communicative, I am almost certain to have a good time with them.

I am reminded of when I used to work as a waitress. It wouldn't matter if someone was attractive or interesting; I would still serve them. But certain customers are more pleasant than others, and that always made the job more enjoyable. Sex work is surprisingly similar.

But like most people, I also have hard days at work. Sometimes I don't want to put on makeup and lingerie and exude old Hollywood sexuality and coquettish moans; some nights I'd rather stay at home with my cat and watch *Game of Thrones*, but I imagine most people feel that way now and then about their job.

I chose sex work for many reasons, but mainly because I enjoy it, I excel at it, and it allows me to live in the city that I love. I understand that choosing sex work makes me vulnerable to criminalization and stigma, but seeing myself as an entrepreneur fulfills me in a way that work never has before. People hope to find a job that is best suited to their skills and interests, and for me, that job is sex. H

Follow the adventures of Siouxsie Q on ***TheWhoreCast.com*** *and in* SF Weekly. *Help her fight for sex worker rights on Twitter @WhoreCast and @SiouxsieQJames.*

CHLOE AMOUR & NIKKI PEYTON

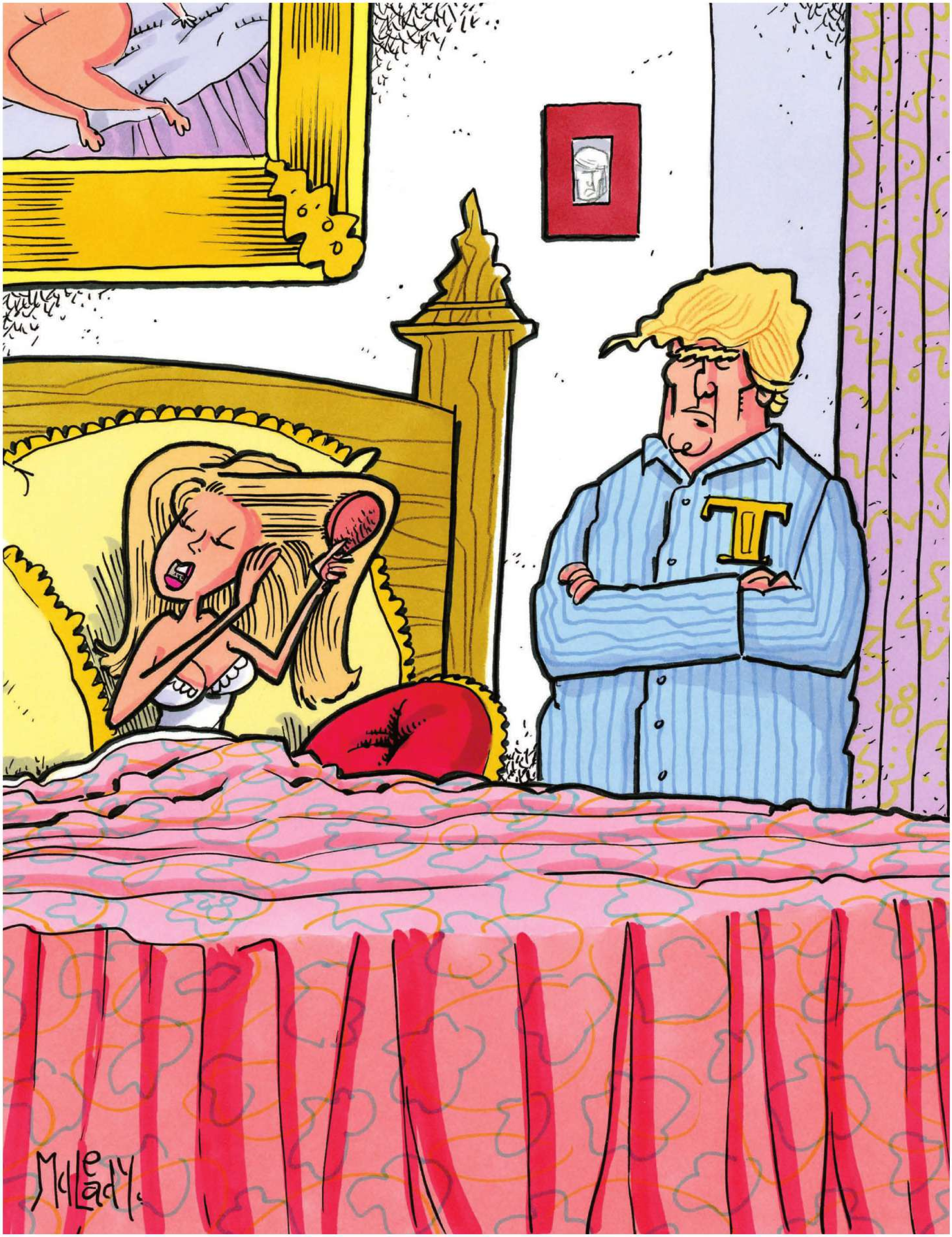
LIP SERVICE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

Before porn, I'd never given a blowjob. So my first time was deep-throating a really huge cock. Now I love sucking dick. I like to play with them, do streamers and spit. It comes very naturally to me. And I know how to use my pussy really well. I know how to clench it. A lot of times, especially if I'm working with someone new, he'll tell me, 'Your pussy's really tight.' I feel it too. I'll go, *Oh shit, his dick's trying to get in there but my kitty's being stubborn!* It's always tight. It's like you're fucking a virgin." **—Chloe**

Some girls pretend to be into threeways to turn a guy on, but then they trip out and get jealous. You have to get over yourself. Sex is all about sharing. I'm curvy, but I'm tiny, so I can maneuver quickly. That's a bonus when you're making love to more than one person. I love watching a guy's face when two girls are on their knees, stroking and sucking his cock. It's the ultimate in power, knowing you're giving someone the orgasm of his life."

—Nikki



“Don’t worry about your small hands, baby. You’re huge where it counts to me—your bank account.”

Chat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area
Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?
HUSTLER
PERSONALS
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU
You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.
Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW
PEAK INSIDE

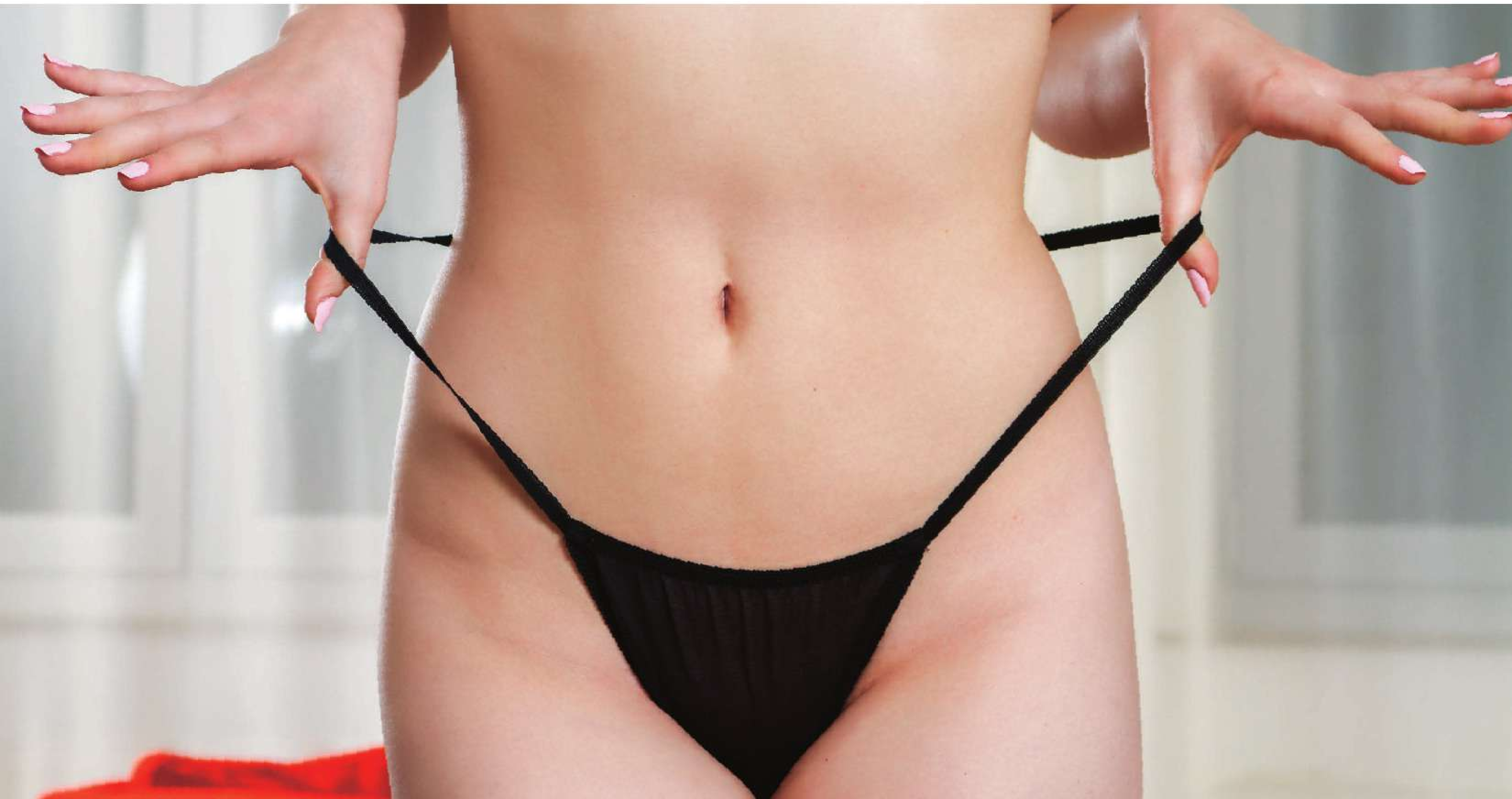
SARAH HIGHLIGHT

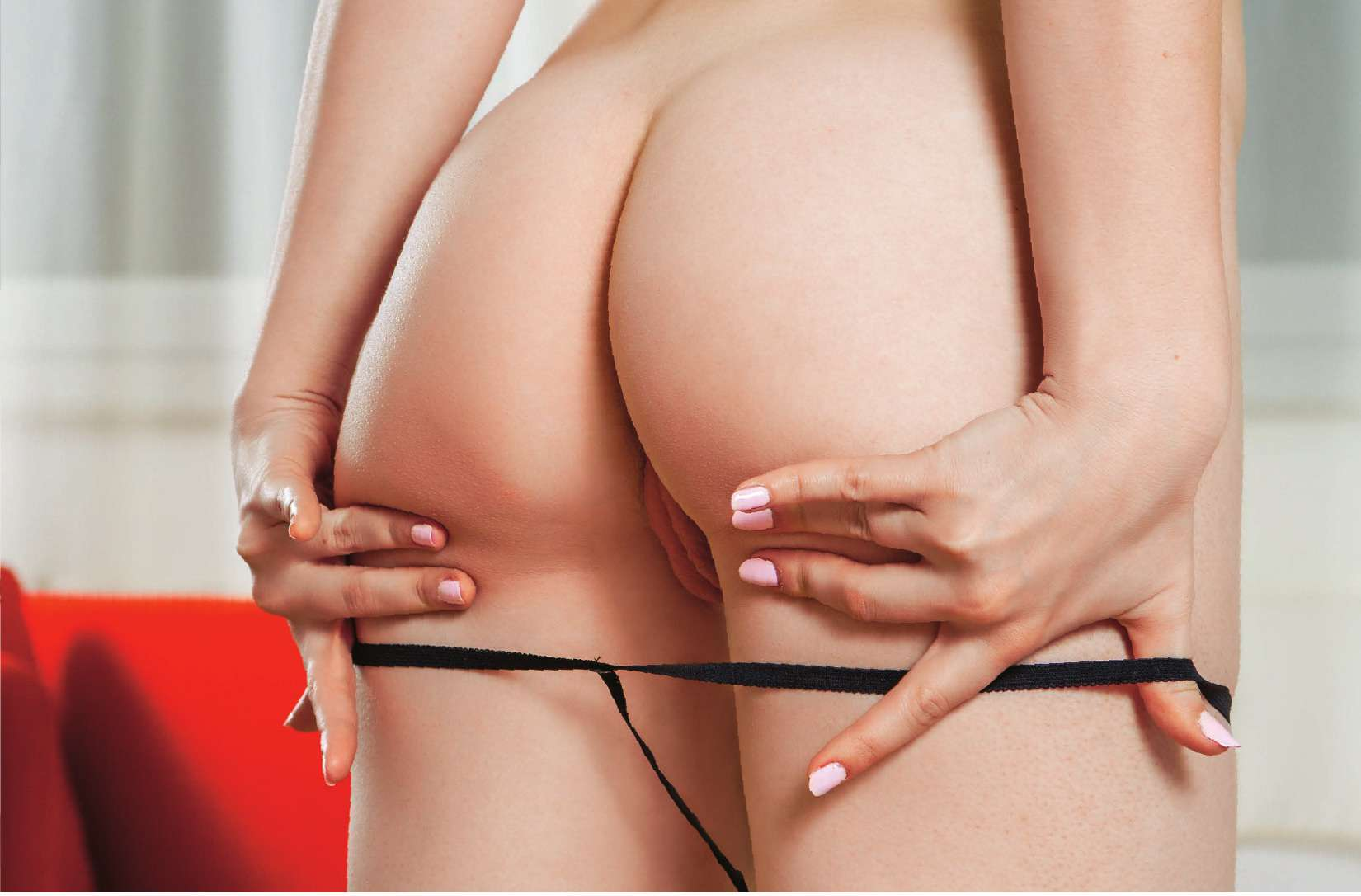
EASY COME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEVEN ANDRES

A lot of the guys who come to Kiev to study are really after sex and girlfriends. Ukrainian women are known for being very beautiful, very feminine. When I was growing up, sex was something people didn't talk about, something you didn't do if you were a nice girl. Lucky for me, by the time I entered university, attitudes had changed. It's like everyone was repressed for so long, and now everyone just wants to fuck!

"Last year, for my birthday, my then-boyfriend, an American, woke me up at 2 a.m. and took me to the student lounge. He laid me back on the same table where our friends do homework, yanked off my panties and fucked me silly. I was digging my nails into his back, just about to orgasm, when he pulled out and sprayed all over my stomach. I was like, *Seriously? I didn't even come!* So he grabbed my hands, led me up five flights of stairs to the roof, pulled off my dress and took me doggy-style. It was freezing, but I didn't care. And yes, I did have the best climax of my life."





Here's your homework!
xoxo,
Sarah

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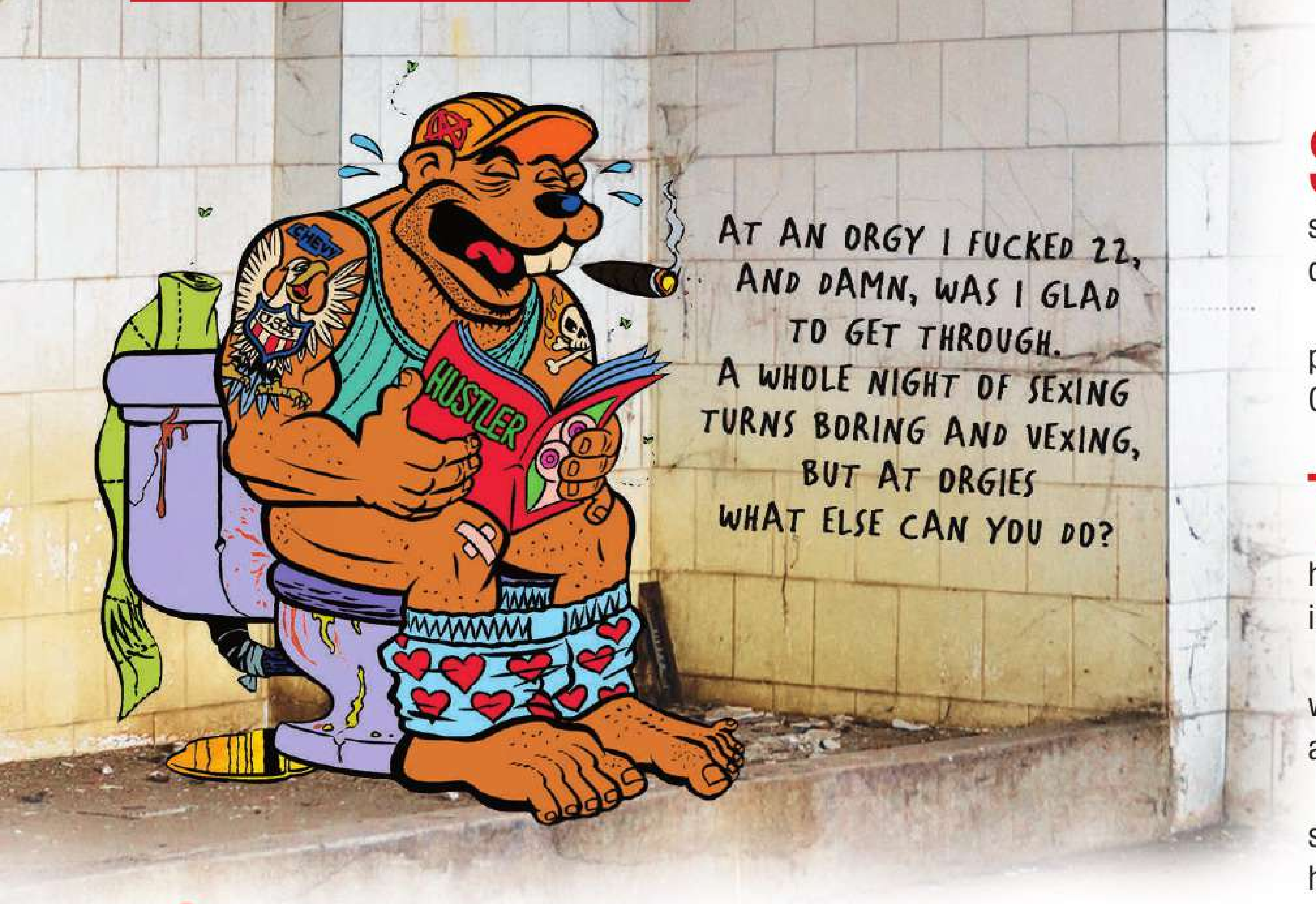
SARAH'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Kiev, Ukraine** | AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-8**
MEASUREMENTS: **34B-25-36** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**


AT AN ORGY I FUCKED 22,
AND DAMN, WAS I GLAD
TO GET THROUGH.
A WHOLE NIGHT OF SEXING
TURNS BORING AND VEXING,
BUT AT ORGIES
WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO?
HUSTLER
CHEVY
USA

Sister Mary felt guilty and went to confession. “Father, I seek absolution. I never wear panties under my habit,” she confessed.

“That’s not too serious, Sister,” said the priest. “Just say five Hail Marys and five Our Fathers; then do five cartwheels.”

Two drunks were sitting in a bar when one threw up all over himself. “Damn,” he said. “My wife is going to kill me when she sees this.”

“Put $20 in your pocket. When she asks what it’s for, say a man threw up on you and gave you money to buy a new shirt.”

The drunk staggered home, where sure enough, his angry wife confronted him. “You’re covered in vomit!”

“It’s not my fault,” he said. “A man threw up on me and gave me $20 to buy a new shirt.”

“What do you mean, $20?” she said. “There’s $40 here.”

“He shit in my pants too.”

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you’ve heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we’ll send you 25 bucks!

A Republican, a Democrat and Bill Clinton were traveling through Nebraska when a tornado picked up their car and tossed it miles into the air. When the car finally landed back on the ground, the three men were amazed to discover that they’d been transported to Oz.

“I’m going to ask the Wizard for courage,” said the Democrat.

“I’m going to ask him for a heart,” said the Republican.

Bill scanned the horizon. “Do you think he knows where Dorothy is?”

Question: How do you make holy water?

Answer: Boil the hell out of it.

The Department of Labor suspected that Smith, a fishing boat owner in Duluth, Minnesota, wasn't paying his workers legal wages. A government agent was sent to the seaport city to investigate the fisherman.

“I need a list of your employees and how much you pay them,” the agent demanded.

“Well, there’s Clarence, my hired hand. He’s been with me for three years. I pay him $500 a week plus room and board. Then there’s the mentally challenged guy. He works 18 hours a day, seven days a week. He gets about $50 per week and pays his own room and board.”

“Does he get benefits? Health insurance, vacation time, sick leave, retirement, that kind of thing?”

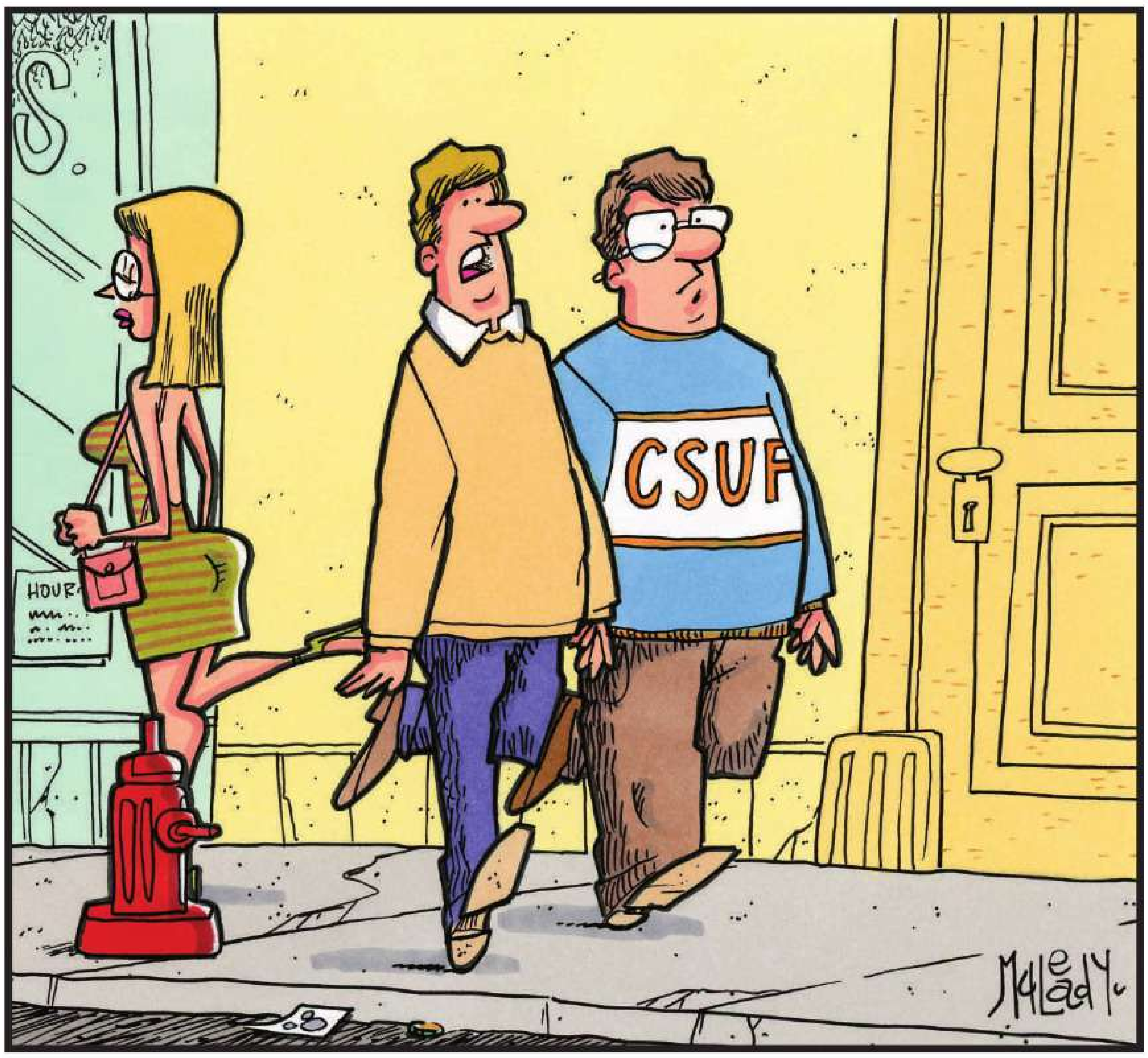
Smith thought a bit. “No, but I do get him a bottle of Seagram’s and a dozen Miller Lites every Saturday night to help him cope. Also, my wife lets him fuck her once a month, which keeps his spirits up.”

“That's the guy I want to talk to, the mentally challenged one. I’ll need to conduct an interview with him immediately.”

Mr. Smith took off his cap. “That'd be me. What would you like to know?”

Question: Why do men like to date women who stutter?

Answer: By the time they can say “N-n-n-n-n-no!” he’s already finished.



“I went to the fights last night, and a Trump rally broke out.”

BETTER TIGHTER WETTER

GET THE PUSSY OF YOUR DREAMS

GENTLEMEN, INCREDIBLE SEX IS WITHIN YOUR REACH. LADIES, REMEMBER THAT PINK, TIGHT, ORGASMIC PUSSY OF YOUR TEENS? HAROLD LANCER, M.D., F.A.A.D., DOCTOR TO THE STARS, GIVES HUSTLER AN EXCLUSIVE ON A CUTTING EDGE VAGINAL REJUVENATION PROCEDURE—WITHOUT THE CUTTING. NO DOWNTIME. NO DOWNSIDE. JUST RADIOFREQUENCY ENERGY GENTLY HEATING THE TISSUES TO RESTORE TONE AND FUNCTION. WE SENT NOTED ADULT PERFORMER HOLLY HEART TO FIND OUT IF THERMIVA COULD GIVE HER A BETTER, WETTER VAGINA. AND WHILE SHE WAS BEING TREATED, WE QUIZZED THE GOOD DOCTOR.

INTERVIEW BY ANNA DUNBAR
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KELLY WEBB

HUSTLER: Doctor, your credentials are impressive and include medical school at University of California, postgraduate work at Harvard and then training at prestigious universities in Tel Aviv and London. Which eventually landed you in Beverly Hills. How long have you been practicing as a board-certified dermatologist on Rodeo Drive?
DR. HAROLD LANCER: I'm 62, and I started my private practice in 1983 on Wilshire Boulevard, in a ten by ten room, 100 square feet, five patients. My office now is 12,000 square feet, and I probably have the largest single-physician practice on earth, 30,000 active files.

You see, Harvard Medical School developed laser therapy. So my first introduction to the world of dermatology was using lasers to repair scar tissue, whether it was birth scars, belly scars, surgical scars... This office has a policy of using the least minimally invasive procedure to get the job done. So if it's removing a skin tumor, instead of cutting open the whole face, we do it with lasers. Part of the practice is medical dermatology, part of it is tumor work, and the rest is cosmetic. Even in the cosmetic arena, there are ways to firm the skin and tighten the skin without surgically invading the skin. Which brings us to radiofrequency.

Temperature-controlled radiofrequency treatments?
Yes. As you know, vaginal cosmetic procedures in the last 15 years have been extremely invasive. Massive labiaplasties, vaginoplasties—I mean six- to 12-hour procedures, general anesthesia—were the only choice. And the result may be wonderful; it may not. But for the six-hour procedure there may be a six- or 12-month rehab period. I think that the majority of patients don't have the slightest clue what the rehabilitation will be. I know a 54-year-old woman who had some of the surgery done purely for cosmetic reasons. It's been eight months. She still can't have intercourse; she can barely sit or walk normally, because of residual swelling. A patient has a specific physical concern, so they go to surgeon X, Y or Z. But they're surgeons; so they do surgery. >>

If you go to a surgeon, they're going to want to cut.
That's right. It's like that old expression: If you have a hammer, everything's a nail.

What are the risks of surgery?
Well, there are anesthesia risks, infection risks, bleeding risks. And then you get dyspareunia, or painful intercourse, indefinitely. So stuff happens when you do aggressive surgical procedures. Now, I knew this early in life. That's why I was always in a laser world. It might take me a dozen treatments to revise a scar, but it's better than one surgical treatment. So then this company, ThermiVa, approached me.

Now, this technology has been used on other areas of the body?
Yes. ThermiRF is the name of the parent company. They're in Texas. I've known them for about five years. When they first came out with an instrument to tighten the neck area, I had a demo many times, and I told them, "Look, guys, for this indication there are many better treatments. But there's probably a technology that it's useful for." They came back to me, maybe November of 2014, and they said, "You know, we've been doing some studies, and we think we have a new indication with this machine ThermiVa. The clinical study has been done by a gynecologist; he's a very reliable, respectable guy. Here is the information."

Dr. Alinsod?
Right, Alinsod. And he's a very good fellow, very knowledgeable. So I see his tapes, his videos, his photos. I speak with him at our meeting, and I believe him. That's when I bought the machine. I don't own any stock in the company; I have no financial ties with this company, because I don't want to be somebody's hostage. But from the start I was interested because it's noninvasive and presents a potential alternative to surgery that I know is brutal. Once we'd treated the first few ladies, we opened it up to our patient base, 30,000 patients—let's say 80% of them are women. Patients are always asking, "What's new in Dr. Lancer's office?" And there wasn't a single patient—not a single patient—who wasn't interested. I was floored.

Eighteen- to 80-year-olds and anywhere in between, my staff told them, "We have this new procedure of vaginal tightening that improves not only the cosmetic appearance of the region, but functionality." Because I was impressed by that, that when you treat the region, there's a phenomenal cosmetic change, but there's also a phenomenal functional change, the orgasmic part—and lubrication change, because there are two glands within the labia minora that do the majority of lubrication. For whatever reason the radiofrequency improves that glandular function.

So there's labial majora and minora tightening, the clitoral hood tightening, the introitus tightens. The interior walls tighten, the urethra, the sphincter reaction of the urinary bladder improves—all because of the heat from the radio wave. And the lubrication glands come back to life.

> "IT'S AN AESTHETICS THING *AND* IT'S A SEXUAL THING. NOW I ENJOY INTERCOURSE SO MUCH MORE."
>
> —HOLLY HEART

But why do they stay that way? It seems like the benefits would be of a more temporary nature.
It's sort of like digestive appetite. When you have someone in starvation, they don't know they're hungry. They don't produce the hormones that are involved in creating the sensation of hunger. When you bring back secretory function to something that's been asleep, it now has the trigger for hormonal stimulation of organ function. You're waking up something that's asleep. It's not dead; the tissue isn't dead; the glands aren't dead. We did it on a very famous celebrity who is her early 70s. And she did it because of urinary incontinence. Within two weeks it significantly improved that, but she also told us it brought those lubrication glands back online.

Is that what they mean by *healing cascade* and *neocollagenesis*?
Correct. Neocollagenesis. I'm interested in seeing if you can make tissue repair itself. All my skin care products have active chemistry that functions on the principle of increasing oxygen flow to tissue. If you increase oxygen flow, the mechanism of skin cell metabolism

increases. If you heat the tissue of the face or décolletage or the inner arm area with ultrasound or radio waves, that tissue starts to repair itself from the heat.

That's called neocollagenesis, elastotic improvement. Elastic tissue and collagen are two proteins, and they start to improve. Why? Because if you wake them up, they go back online. It's sort of like reconnecting the two wires on a doorbell. The doorbell was working; it just didn't have any power going to it.

So this benefits women who have had a child or who are simply going through the aging process. And it also benefits women like Holly Heart (see photos), who had long labia that made sex uncomfortable and affected her self-esteem.

It's like old socks that have been washed 50 times; they don't stay up. Newer socks stay up because the elasticity, the bounce is there. So instead of throwing out the old socks, this treatment brings them back. You can bring tissue back to life. It's not really that it's damaged. It's been beaten up a little bit, and nothing has motivated restoration. When you use this machine, which uses harmless radio waves, it generates heat to 42 to 45 degrees centigrade, and it turns out that's a pleasant heating amount to the tissue.

And this is the important part: If you put out a cigarette on someone's lap, that's an *uncontrolled* injury; it leaves a burn. When you have a controlled heating to living tissue, the blood vessels in the tissue dilate. Think about it—when you're in a steam sauna, you get a flush. Number one, it doesn't hurt, and number two, it's a *controlled* injury.

You've seen the wand. The actual rod looks like an elongation of a finger. It's about eight inches long, and at the tip of it is the only active part, which is a half inch by a half inch, the little metallic radiofrequency probe.

Is it true that radiofrequency treatment works better in a moist environment like the vagina?

It works better in that environment because the tissue *wants* it to work better. It's designed to be hyperelastic. So it's genetically programmed to respond to heat stimulation. With intercourse there's a dilation of the tissue. Intercourse causes the blood vessels and the tissue to dilate. Think of a blood vessel as a tunnel. When the blood vessel gets bigger, there are cells on the inside of the blood vessel called the endothelial cells, and these cells dilate. When a blood vessel gets dilated with heat, the inside cells get stretched. When they get stretched, they release an enzyme into the bloodstream. That's a growth factor; it's a fibroblast growth factor that stimulates new collagen and elastic tissue. So when you have controlled heat, controlled injury, dilated blood vessels, protein signaling is released that causes new tissue to form. It's sort of like physical therapy eventually resulting in a joint being more mobile even after the physical therapy ends.

This technology is still very new, correct?

Very. I had the first machine to market. And I believe there are less than 100 machines in the country now.

How did they determine early on that three would be the ideal number of treatments?

Most heating procedures for the body take three treatments. Generally speaking, if you are going to use radio waves, you need >>

HUSTLER'S TEST SUBJECT HOLLY HEART

How did you hear about Dr. Lancer?

HUSTLER asked me if I wanted to be a test model through my agency. And I said, well, yeah, I want to do it. I *need* to do this. My pussy lips have always been long and out, so I was a little insecure—and then I had my daughter, and I got really insecure.

This will be your third treatment?

Yes. Before, sex was uncomfortable because my lips would kind of get caught, you know, during intercourse. It's just wasn't pleasurable. And then being in the adult industry—I know that there's various different types of vaginas, but cosmetically you want something a little bit nicer, prettier. It's an aesthetics thing *and* it's a sexual thing. Now I enjoy intercourse so much more.

What is the main difference?

There's not as much skin there. It doesn't form over the penis. It's tightened up, and then the sensation—I can orgasm better now. Wow. Like, I could barely orgasm from penetration before; I was always just feeling it in my lips. Now penetration is more comfortable, and I feel it in different parts of my vaginal area.

You want to have that relationship with your husband—you want to be sexual; you want to be intimate; you want to fuck him. We wanted to have sex twice a day. But there was chafing if I didn't use a lot of lube. Before I came here, I had a hard time producing vaginal secretions. And now it's just better. Everything's just that much more comfortable. I know there are a lot of women who feel like that.

I think the climate is starting to change to where women are actually talking about it.

Of course. Being in the adult industry, I have a lot of women come to me with questions. Because I have sex on camera, they feel comfortable asking me. And I'm very open to answering. We need to educate ourselves and be open to talking about sex. For example, I had to express to my husband how I felt about fucking, because it just wasn't comfortable; so he would try to do everything he could to make it better for me. Or instead of intercourse, we'd think of other ways to pleasure ourselves. And then I had a treatment, and everything changed. I couldn't believe that one simple laser could make a difference in my sex life.

You noticed the difference with your husband at home. Did you also notice the difference filming?

Especially in certain positions. Because let's face it, there is no shame in hardcore. You are splatting it. I'm more comfortable opening up to the camera for a hardcore shot now. That's why I'm excited for my third treatment, because it's going to be that much better. We all want to be presentable as adult performers, and I mean, I'm one of the top performers in the industry, so I need to keep my game. I do over a hundred scenes a year, about ten scenes a month.

Did you have any downtime with any of the treatments?

I had intercourse one hour after! No pain. It was incredible. And I immediately noticed the results right after the treatment. Immediately. Then it got better and better. You can literally feel the difference as they are doing the treatment. Feel it happening.

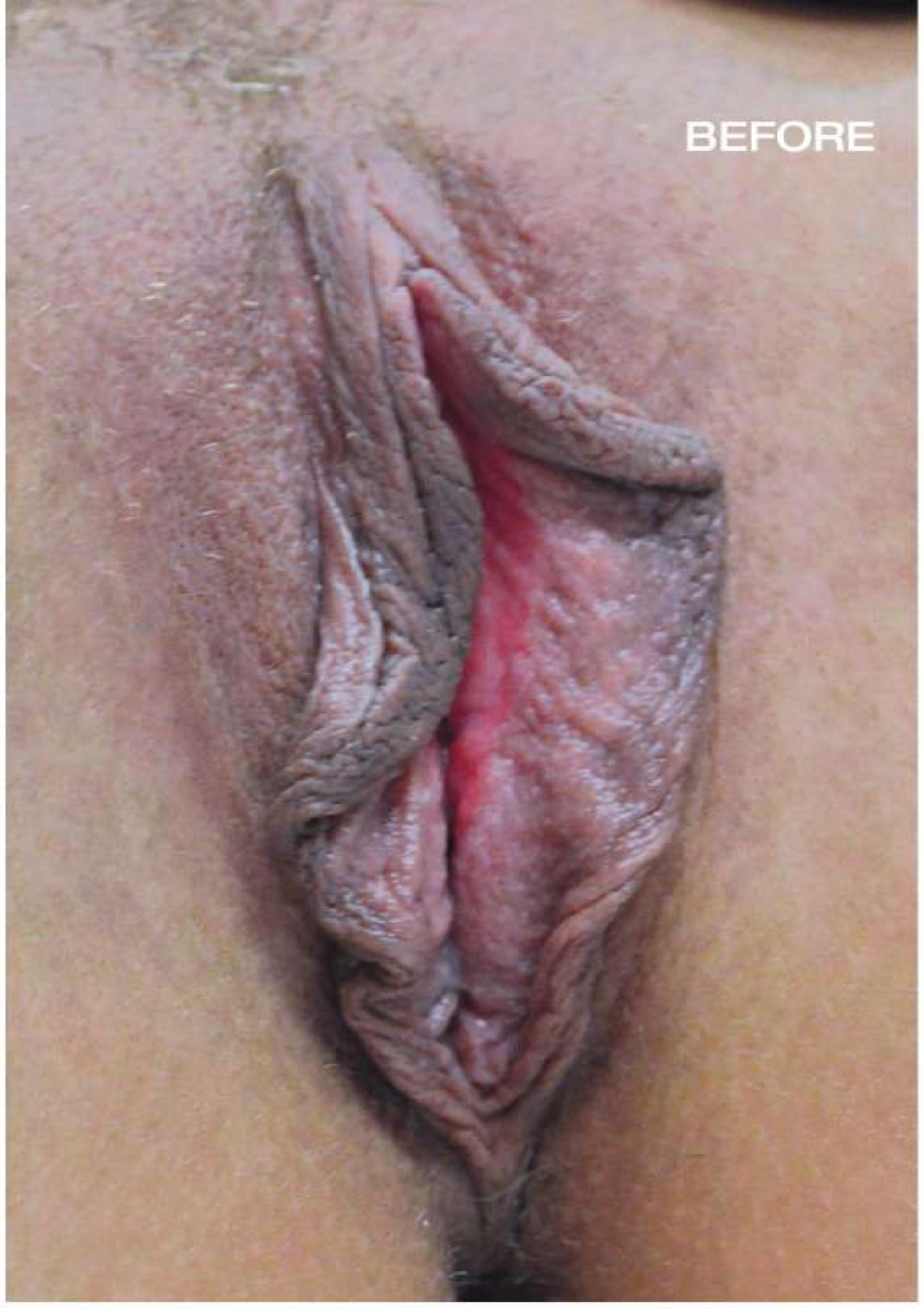
Does it feel strange?

No, it feels like you're sitting in a bathtub. That's it, a warm spa.

I'm sold.

I'm not trying to sell you. But if you're uncomfortable down there, you need to get this treatment. It changes your life—and it changes your life with your partner!

Two months later HUSTLER catches up with Holly over Japanese barbecue, and the porn star gushes, "I feel like just now I'm getting the full effects of that last treatment. And I got to tell you, the sex has been fucking amazing."



three treatments, usually at month intervals, so they followed the prototype template for radio wave heating of other tissue areas.

When Dr. Alinsod was doing the clinical studies, he found that one treatment was often plenty. Several study participants quit, because they thought they were good. And that's happened with us as well. They tell you, "I'm good to go. Whenever it wears out, I'll be back for more." Most people only want or need one or two. People who want three treatments are people who want to push the envelope to see if there's more benefit than they're already getting. It's sort of like 25-year-old guys taking Viagra. They don't have erectile dysfunction; they just want to push the envelope of how much bigger is big.

Your office tells me it costs $1,500 for outer vaginal treatment and $1,500 for inner, so it's $3,000 for both for an entire procedure. But since it's such a new treatment, do we know how long it lasts?

I'll tell you, nobody knows the answer to that yet. People have come back in, but then it's like the Viagra story. There's a girl who came in yesterday for her third treatment just because she's dating somebody new. It's more of an external visual psychological component for her, so it's not a need; it's a want.

And you can have sex the same day as the treatment?

Absolutely. It is really amazing. We've had zero complaints so far. When have I ever offered a treatment that's a 100% home run? Never. Every single person treated is satisfied, 18-year-olds, 80-year-olds, whether it's for cosmetic, bathing suit issues, or intimacy issues, self-confidence issues, urethral incontinence issues, vaginal dryness issues, firmness or orgasmic issues, whatever it is.

Does it affect clitoral sensitivity as well?

It does improve, and the reason is that the nerve endings in the clitoral fold and the clitoral hood actually are in the entire vaginal vault. So when you're improving blood flow and neurologic function in the entire region, the clitoral sensitivity improves as well. Plus I think there's some forming and retraction of the clitoral hood, so there's more exposure.

I've noticed in some of the photos in the literature that there seems to be a color change.

There is a color change, and I think that has to do with the increased oxygen flow to the tissue. There's a reduction of a dusky, darker color and more of a restorative pinkish look because of blood flow.

The findings in Dr. Alinsod's study were staggering. He used a seven-point scale for his questionnaire on vaginal laxity, and participants noted an average improvement of five whole points. For his sexual satisfaction questionnaire, he used a six-point scale, and the results showed 2.5 points improvement.
The doctor is a very direct, down-to-earth guy, and he's a gynecologist, so when he's asking various things on studies, patients are far more forthcoming in their answers. I believe everything he says. I think the reason for the results is that besides protein production—collagen and elastic tissues are proteins—there are sugars called blood glucose immuno glycans. Those are sugars that surround the collagen and elastic tissue. It's called the matrix, and so you have collagen and elastic tissue proteins, and then you have the substrate that they swim in. That's the sponginess of tissue. Like you know what Restylane is, that we inject in faces? That's the sugar. So as the sugar component of the vaginal area increases, the bounce on that tissue improves. That accounts for your orgasmic component—the feel of the tissue, the lubrication of the tissue and a more youthful bounce, sort of like the cheeks on a newborn are bouncier because of that matrix, and the heat will produce that.

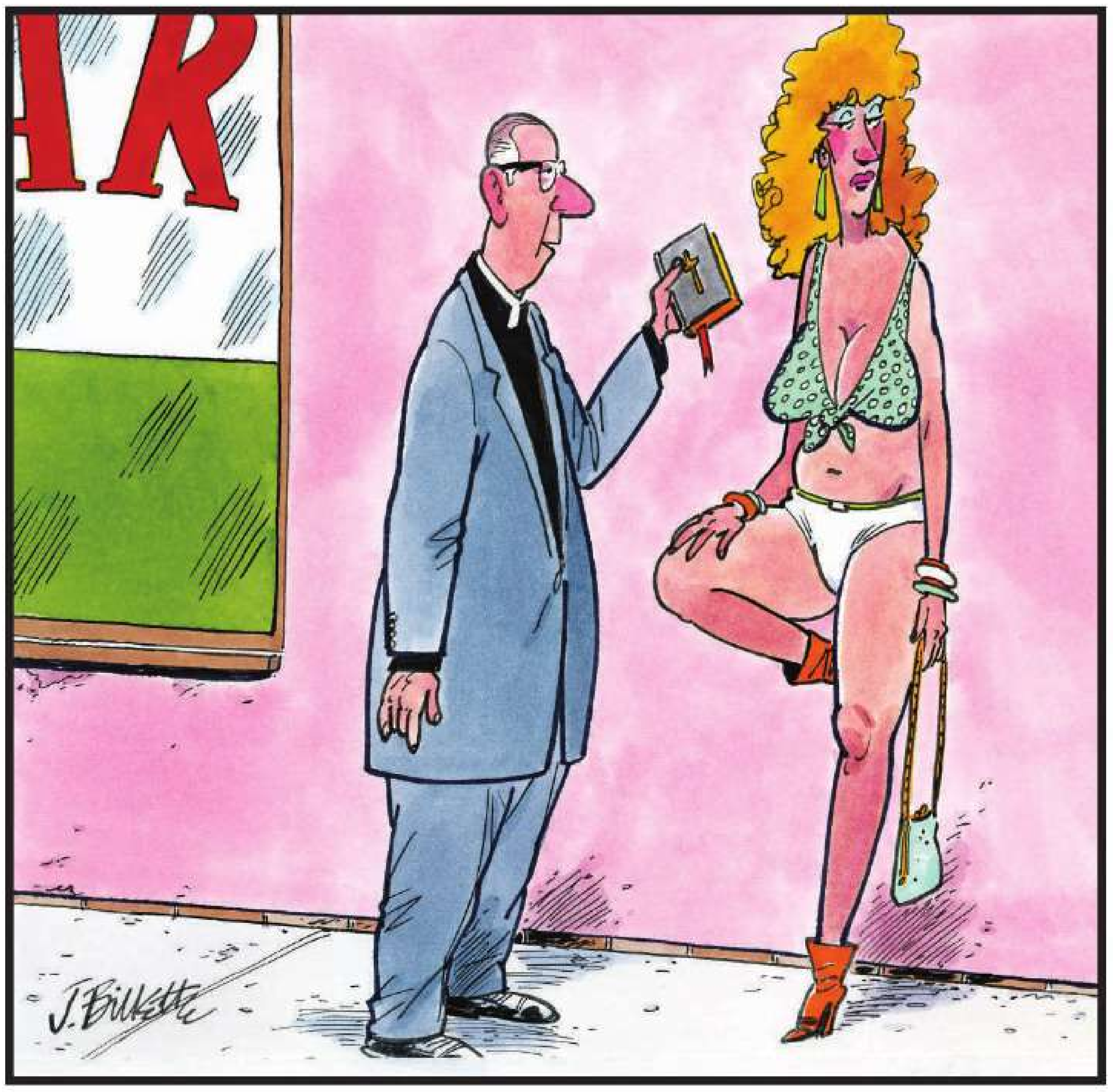
Do you have any anecdotal stories that you'd like to share?
I can tell you that there's an orthopedic surgeon's wife who swears, "I have never been so multiorgasmic in my life." Then she refers other girlfriends, and they report back with the same story.

Have you heard anything from any of your patients regarding what their lovers have said?
Across the board, the women—we ask them on follow-up—say their men have noticed the difference and commented. Even when the men in their lives never knew they had the treatment, the men commented that somehow the experience was tighter, that the sensation was different; they might comment on the appearance.

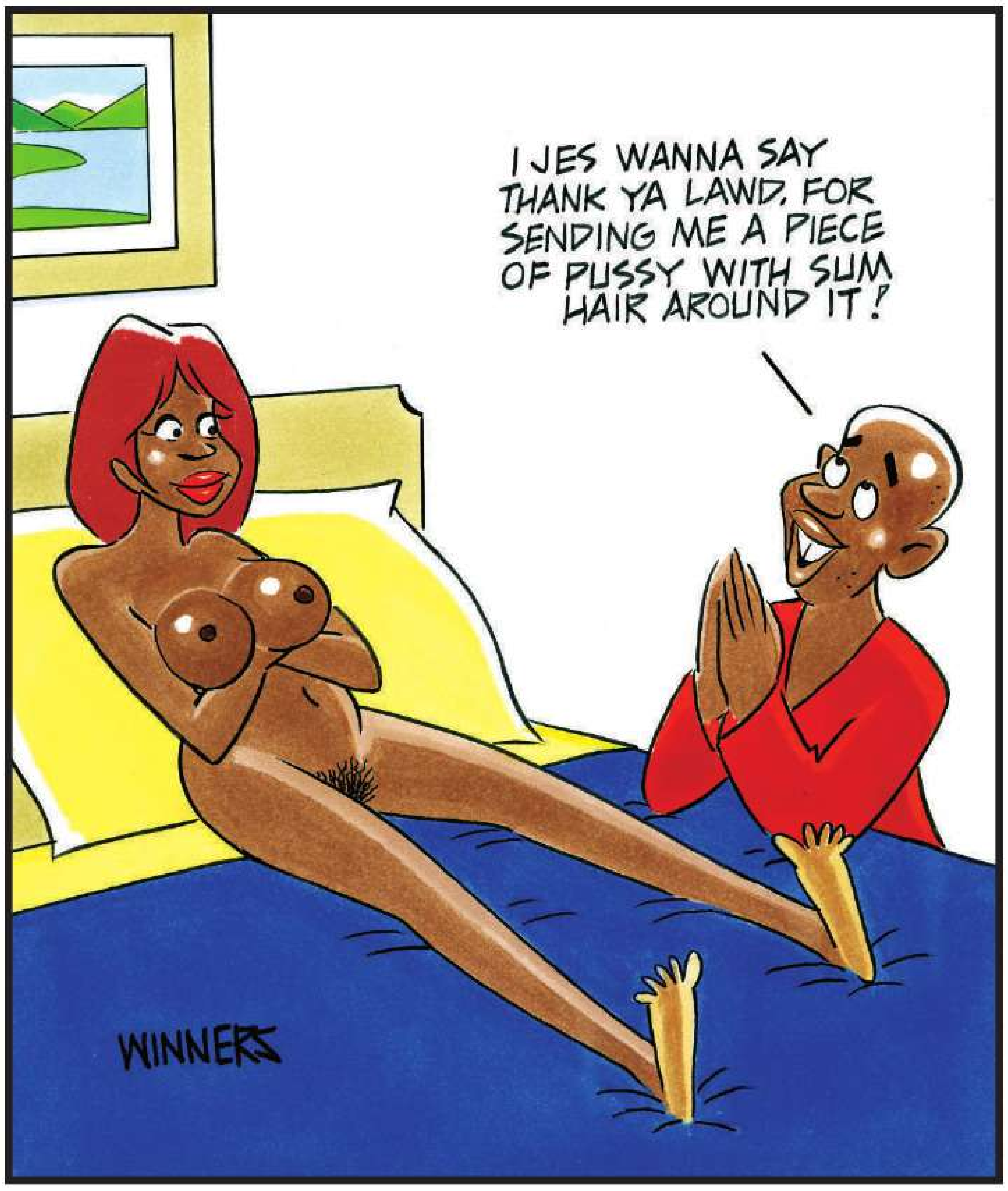
Holly said her husband noticed that she was more orgasmic and more self-confident in bed, and that's made the sex better.
There's nothing like physical connection to reconfirm desire. Improving your sex life often improves your relationship and your quality of life. When a woman is more emotionally self-esteem stable, her response is different, and the tissue response may be different, so that translates to the male perception. I notice that it influences me, my wife's response, you know what I mean? Even though I may not see any visual difference, her response triggers my response. It all translates into the package being different in terms of overall response. Part of it is physical; part of it is emotional; part of it is functional.

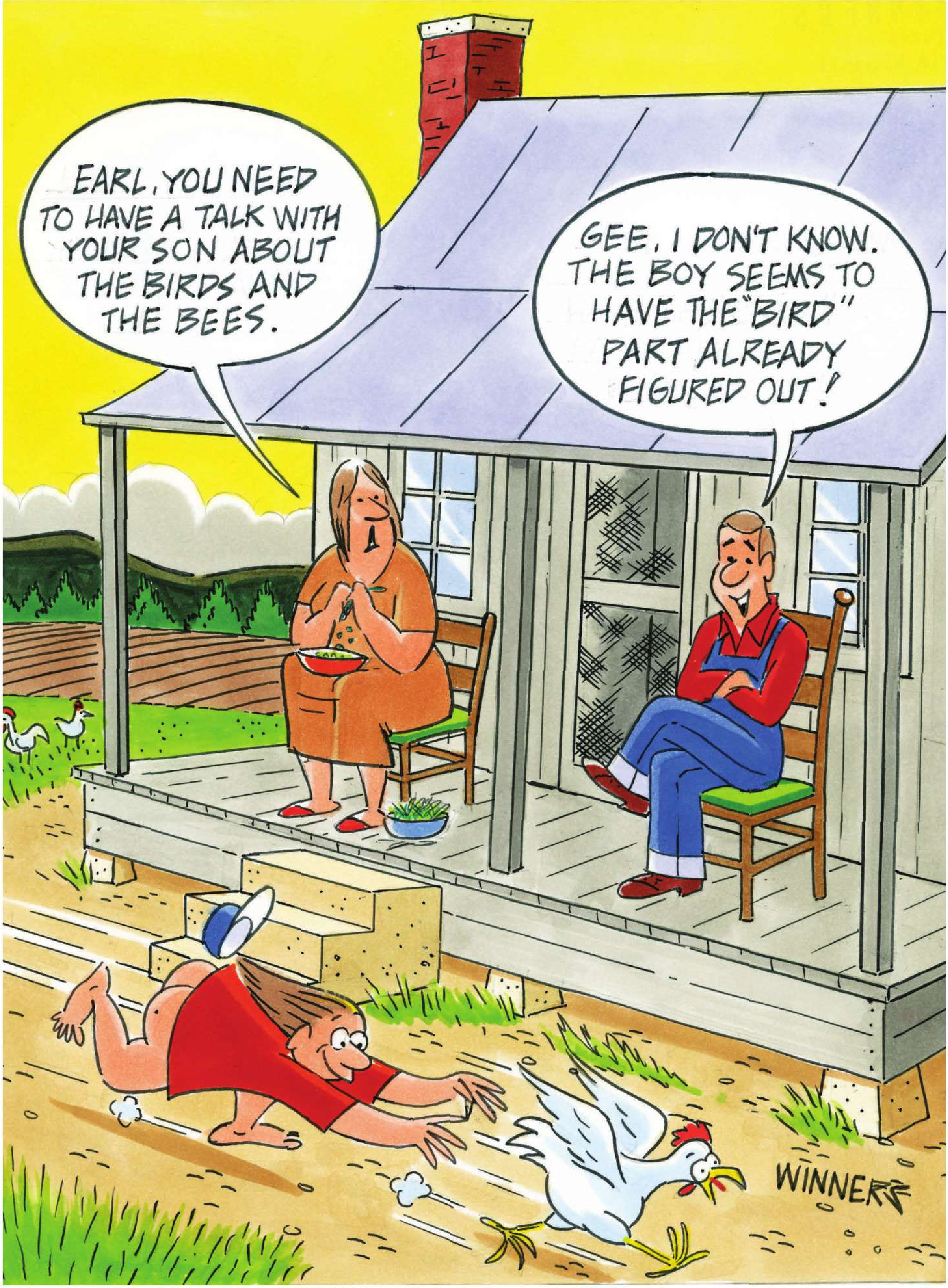
Men are by definition pleasers, and if they think something will benefit the female partner, they'll be interested. It reinforces the male ego, and they want to provide. So when it comes to sexuality, men by nature want to provide that sexual experience for the woman they're with. If you have a man, and the partner he is with is never orgasmic, let me tell you, it's going to wear him thin. And this may be a way to fix that equation. We've had zero people tell me it didn't work. Very few things have an immediate response without a rehabilitative healing procedure. And so many of the patients are orgasmic during the procedure. It's fascinating—during the procedure, multiple orgasms. H

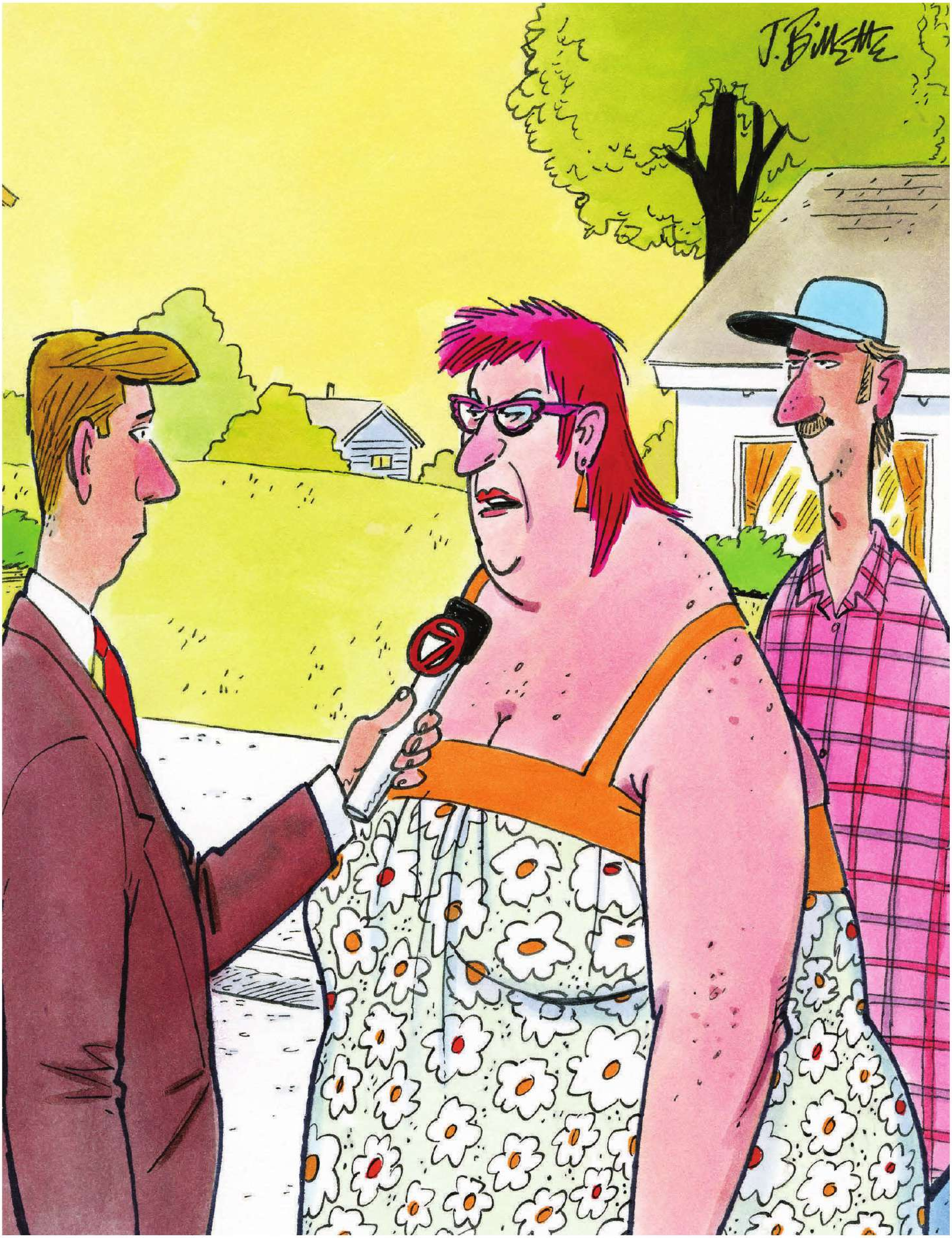
Find out more about this revolutionary new procedure by contacting Lancer Dermatology, 440 N Rodeo Drive, Suite 3F, Beverly Hills, CA 90210, 310-278-8444.



"Did you know that Jesus died for your sins? Forgiveness should include a discount!"


I JES WANNA SAY THANK YA LAWD, FOR SENDING ME A PIECE OF PUSSY WITH SUM HAIR AROUND IT!
WINNERS


EARL, YOU NEED TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOUR SON ABOUT THE BIRDS AND THE BEES.
GEE, I DON'T KNOW. THE BOY SEEMS TO HAVE THE "BIRD" PART ALREADY FIGURED OUT!
WINNER



“He seemed like such a nice man! We had no idea that our neighbor was a serial killer. Hell, I could have given him a list!”

LAYLA PRICE & DAHLIA SKY

KLEIO VALENTIEN &
ANA FOXXX

REBEL LYNN

THIS AIN'T FALLOUT XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ANDRE MADNESS. STARRING: REBEL LYNN, ZIGGY STAR, DAHLIA SKY, LAYLA PRICE, KLEIO VALENTIEN, ANA FOXXX, TYLER NIXON & DICK CHIBBLES.

With video games growing more popular and our society becoming more dystopian by the day, it only makes sense that a porn twist on the postapocalyptic game series Fallout should make its way onto the shelves. If you're smart, *This Ain't Fallout XXX* will make its way into your hands too. A well-wrought erotic send-up, this hot-blooded spoof cleverly combines video game aesthetics, knowing humorous nods and steamy sex into a worthy offering that will have viewers fervently gripping their joysticks. Tyler Nixon portrays the protagonist, a young space stud who wakes up befuddled in a vault filled with dildos and roaches. A grim setting, to be sure, but the addition of pint-size survivalist Rebel Lynn livens things up. A hot little hellion bent on procreating to restore the human race, Lynn ravenously attacks Nixon's flesh wand as the camera expertly draws the viewer into the action with first-person perspective. After pumping Lynn's meat vault full of nut scum, Nixon is dispatched to scout a far-flung sector, and the action zooms in on brunette spinner Ziggy Star extracting the jizz from Dick Chibbles' spuzz rocket. Star's lithe frame seems to be constructed from some kind of space-age material as it bends, folds and twists through a contorted pounding that's half sex, half origami. Later, punked-up blond renegades Dahlia Sky and Layla Price hole up in their heavily armed lair for tongue target practice on each other's bull's-eyes before scissoring so ferociously that sparks nearly shoot from their crotches. *This Ain't Fallout XXX* leaves viewers applauding the collapse of society with the sound of one hand fapping. Order your own ominous orgasm by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—Pico D. Ribibi**

ZIGGY STAR

ALINA WEST

NIKKI DELANO

OLIVIA AUSTIN

SWEET PEACHES

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STEVE MATTS. STARRING: LAYLA PRICE, JENNIFER WHITE, NIKKI DELANO, OLIVIA AUSTIN, ALINA WEST, AARON WILCOXXX, JOHN STRONG, JAKE JACE, BRADLEY REMINGTON & RICHIE CALHOUN.

T.S. Eliot's *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* famously asked, "Do I dare to eat a peach?" This collection of juicy-gluted vixens will leave viewers fervently answering in the affirmative. The festivities begin with Alina West, a petite hose-hound with an improbably full derriere packed delectably into a pair of Daisy Duke shorts. Pliant but taut, West's jutting butt pillows definitely give her something to look back on with pride. An enthusiastic cocksucker, West pounds her face on her designated shaft until her maw foams with spittle like a rabid dog's. As her whippet-thin body is put through its carnal paces, a series of queefs provides a distracting sound track to her erotic workout, but whatever—that's why remote controls come equipped with a mute button. Zaftig blonde Olivia Austin is perhaps a touch overripe, though there's no arguing with the mountainous majesty of her oiled-up haunches as she takes a fat prick to her clam cove, and her pendulous milk mams jiggle hypnotically as she's pounded. Cover blonde Layla Price is thick in all the right places, her body a wide-open playground of flesh. Price's ample rump shimmies enticingly while her partner plunges her shit-hatch with abandon. The lone brunette in this offering, Jennifer White, provides a dazzling finale. Her compact frame is graced with a spectacularly protruding ass that would make Robert Crumb weep semen. *Sweet Peaches* is mouthwatering and guaranteed to get your juices dripping. Visit **HustlerStore.com** or call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 to order. **—P.D.R.**

LAYLA PRICE

JENNIFER WHITE

MARSHA MAY

NATASHA VOYA

DADDY DAUGHTER SWAP

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STARRING: NATASHA VOYA, MARSHA MAY, JENNA REID, APRIL BROOKES, RACHEL JAMES, OLIVIA AUSTIN, ALEC KNIGHT, TONY DE SERGIO, DICK CHIBBLES & DERRICK PIERCE.

Screw the neckties and cologne; if *Daddy Daughter Swap* is any indication, next year's big-ticket Father's Day present will be a hookup with your daughter's hot BFF. The festivities kick off with Natasha Voya hitting on her friend's dad. A stringy-haired, gangly-limbed blonde, Voya seems in need of nourishment—and she finds it, latching on to the bulbous dick head of her middle-aged prey with the enthusiasm of a baby taking to a bottle. Voya spit-shines her partner's rod to a gleaming sheen and runs her tongue along his wizened ball sac, smoothing out the wrinkles with each balm-like coating of saliva. Her legs spread wide like the outer branches of a banyan tree as her friend's dad wedges his bloated blood sausage into her twat. Bottle-blond, plump-titted Marsha May sports a tattoo that looks like a manic child scribbled across her stomach. Bright-eyed but seemingly dull-witted, May reeks of a precocious sex drive and bad life choices—a scent that any dad would rather wear than Old Spice. Finally tiny-titted brunette Jenna Reid gets her clit slapped around like a punching bag by her scenemate's balls as she's hammered but good. Order today at 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. Overall *Daddy Daughter Swap* is a fair exchange for a jerkoff's hard-earned dollars. **—P.D.R.**

JENNA REID

APRIL BROOKES

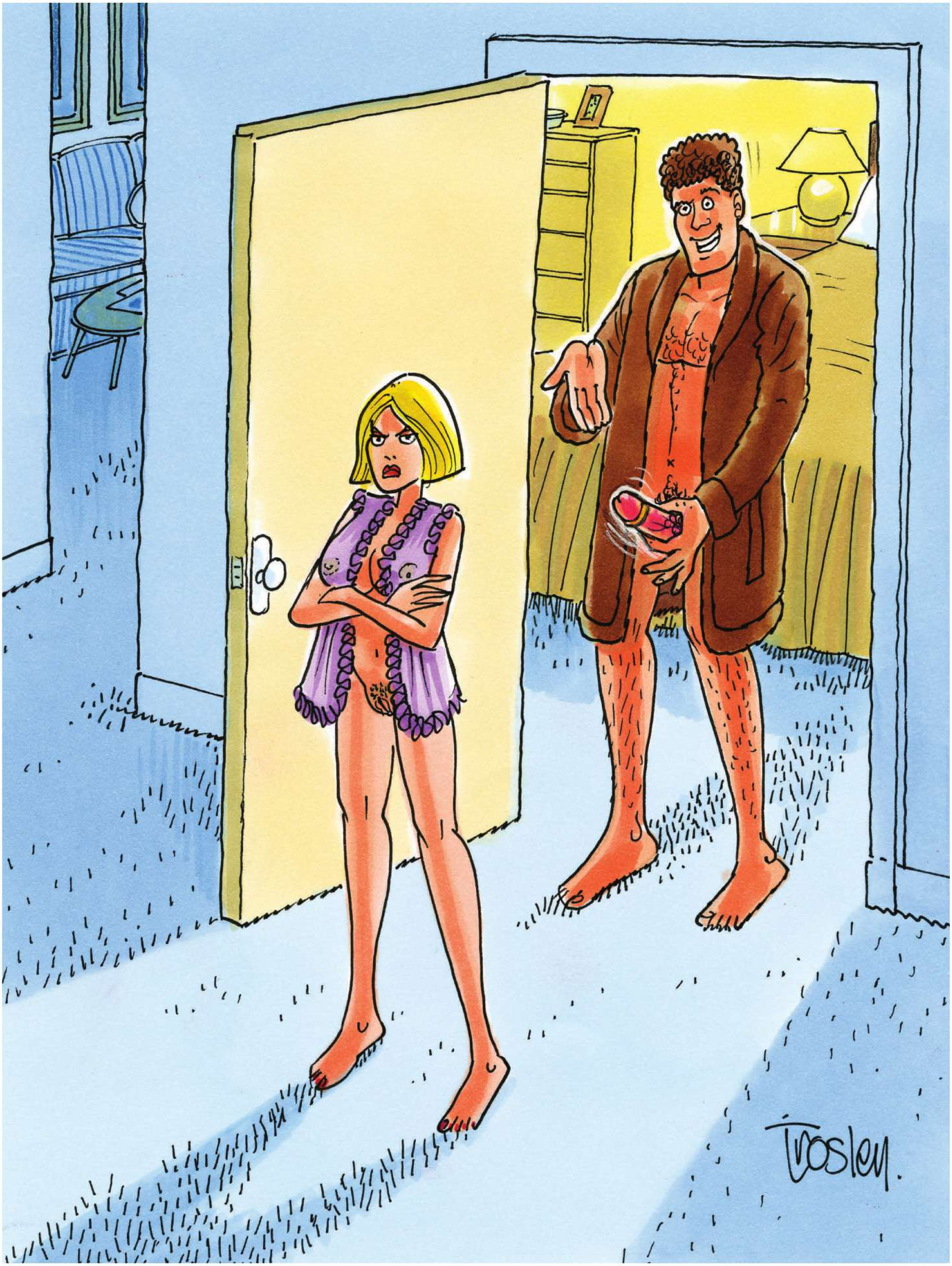
OLIVIA AUSTIN & RACHEL JAMES

JASMINE CARO

GLAMOUR PUSS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

Glamour, beauty—that's sexy to me. When I'm doing a photoshoot, I focus on my expressions, find new poses. I'm confident about who I am physically, and I enjoy my body. I love showering and spend a lot of time caressing and soaping my boobs and nipples. But my best feature is my face—I've been told I have sexy eyes and a great smile, especially when I'm climaxing.”



"I am *not* asking you to swallow your pride! I'm asking you to swallow *my* pride!"

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE JULY 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

AVA ADORA

Back in 2014 Ava Adora and a gal pal had their picture snapped with ex-Prez Bill Clinton at a star-studded charity fundraiser. "I always have time for pretty girls," he reportedly told his gushing admirers, unaware that they were legal prostitutes at the Moonlite BunnyRanch in Nevada. Clinton's fly wasn't unzipped, no bodily fluids were exchanged, but the tabloids and mainstream media sensationalized the photo-op like a Lewinsky-esque scandal. The meet-and-greet came nowhere close, but Ava was elated. "Wrapping my arm around Bill Clinton's waist was better than any orgasms I've had," recalls the 25-year-old college grad from San Diego, California. "Of course I wanted to have a sleepover with him—my treat." We too always have time for pretty girls if they have a penchant for leg-spreading nude modeling, especially one with a little notoriety. Ava is no longer in the play-for-pay trade, but the 5-foot-2 travel buff continues to "passionately explore" her sexuality: "I am definitely a lady in the street and a freak in the sheets."

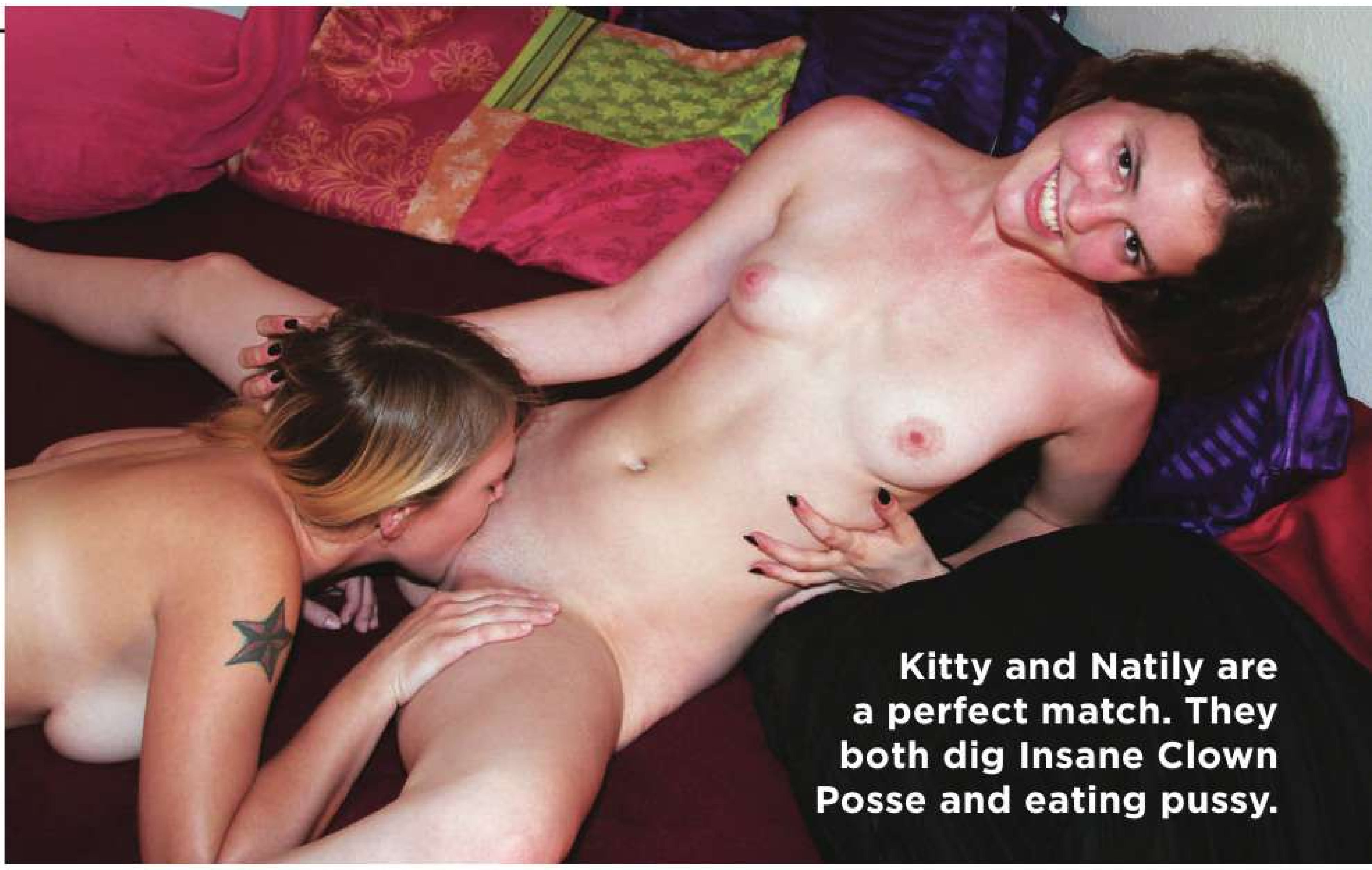
—Photos by JMR Foto

"I have bachelor degrees in sociology and anthropology, but I also received a great sexual education. I learned all about my own body and needs, as well as how to please a variety of men and women."

SUMMER MARIE

"I am very outgoing, and I love group events," declares Summer Marie, 22, a college student from Cleveland, Ohio. She's now notched her most uninhibited group event ever, *Beaver Hunt*. "Being naked in HUSTLER is a dream come true," the 5-foot-4 newbie marvels. Summer Marie isn't shy when it comes to exposing her privates or her private life: "I love hunting, fishing, horseback riding, swimming, reading books, watching *Impractical Jokers* and *Grey's Anatomy* on TV and driving fast cars." Summer Marie, whose fave rock groups are Pink Floyd and The Beatles, really hits the accelerator during close encounters: "I'm straight, aggressive, very seductive and horny all the time! I had sex in a tree stand even though I'm afraid of heights." But the doggy-style devotee isn't traumatized by backdoor pokes. "Anal isn't bad at all," Summer Marie insists. "It's actually enjoyable." Despite losing her virginity almost nine years ago, one small group event has eluded the tantalizing Buckeye Stater: "I would absolutely love to have my first threesome." *—Photos by David J. Vickers*

"I hope lots of readers run to the bathroom with the magazine when they see my pictures."



Kitty and Natily are a perfect match. They both dig Insane Clown Posse and eating pussy.

KITTY & NATILY

"I will try anything and anyone at least once," boasts blond Kitty, 27, a waitress and "free-spirited anarchist" from Spokane, Washington. Her fave pastime, "hot dates with lot of guys and girls," has led to occasional threesomes and an orgy. "I will gladly discard my clothes if someone wants to photograph me naked" is the mantra of Truckee, California's Natily Taylor. That mind-set, along with being a real eye-catcher, has led the 21-year-old to membership in an exclusive sisterhood: HUSTLER's Top 25 Beavers of the Decade (Anniversary '15). Now Natily shares the spotlight—and orgasms—with Kitty as each chalks up her first down-and-dirty modeling. "I've had sex in a college classroom, in the woods near home and on a tram going to Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco," Natily notes. "But having sex with another girl *and* knowing that thousands of guys will be watching us? Totally dope!" —*Photos by Kickback Productions*

Kitty's feedback? "I got to be naked in HUSTLER and do what I love the most—coming!"

Natily's postscript: "Kitty and I really hit it off. Before she went home, we'd go to bars every night for a week and be all lovey-dovey, holding hands and French-kissing. Guys were going crazy. They wanted more than a show, but we only wanted each other."

NIKKI

"I really like to have my picture taken," proclaims Nikki, 29, from Granbury, Texas. "But being naked makes it more fun. I wouldn't have become a stripper if I was uptight about showing off my body. I used to be the class clown. Look at me now!" The 5-foot-0 tyro relishes more than being eye candy. Her hobby is arts and crafts. She's a die-hard football fan who roots for the Dallas Cowboys and the University of Texas Longhorns. Nikki, whose role model when growing up was an uncle nicknamed Rebel, is certainly an open-minded Dixie chick. Her favorite flick is *Love & Basketball*, while her number-one rock band is Smile Empty Soul. Rounding out her résumé, Nikki confides, "I'm seductive, passive and bi-curious. I love blowjobs, doggy-style and being told what to do." But one sexual act makes her uncharacteristically assertive: "I like telling a guy to fuck me in the ass. Nothing in the world makes me feel better and come harder." *—Photos by Ron Neumann*

"My fantasies are being tied up and role-playing 'cause I ain't never done them yet."

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* showcase wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a 12-issue subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

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To participate, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send a signed original (or legible photocopy) of this entire Model Release/Submission Form and a legible COLOR PHOTOCOPY of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card (with photo, date of birth and signature), and a legible COLOR PHOTO OF YOU HOLDING THIS COMPLETED MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM AND GOVERNMENT-ISSUED IDENTIFICATION DOCUMENT. All submissions must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All submissions become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to the photos you submit. Send photos, identification and this Form with all information and signatures requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary. **Open to residents of U.S. and Canada only.**

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

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Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

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I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

✍ Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide this release) Date (month/date/year)

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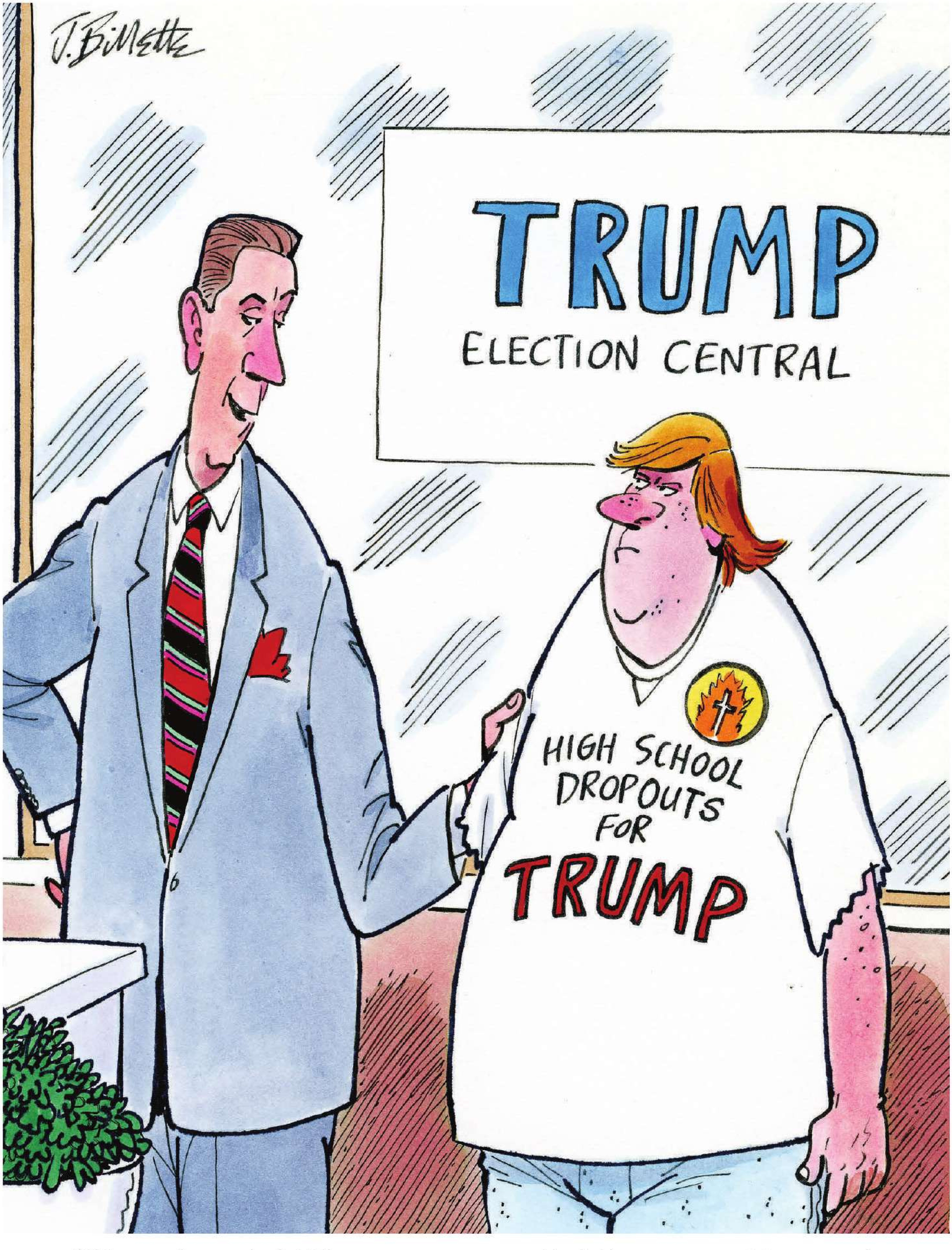
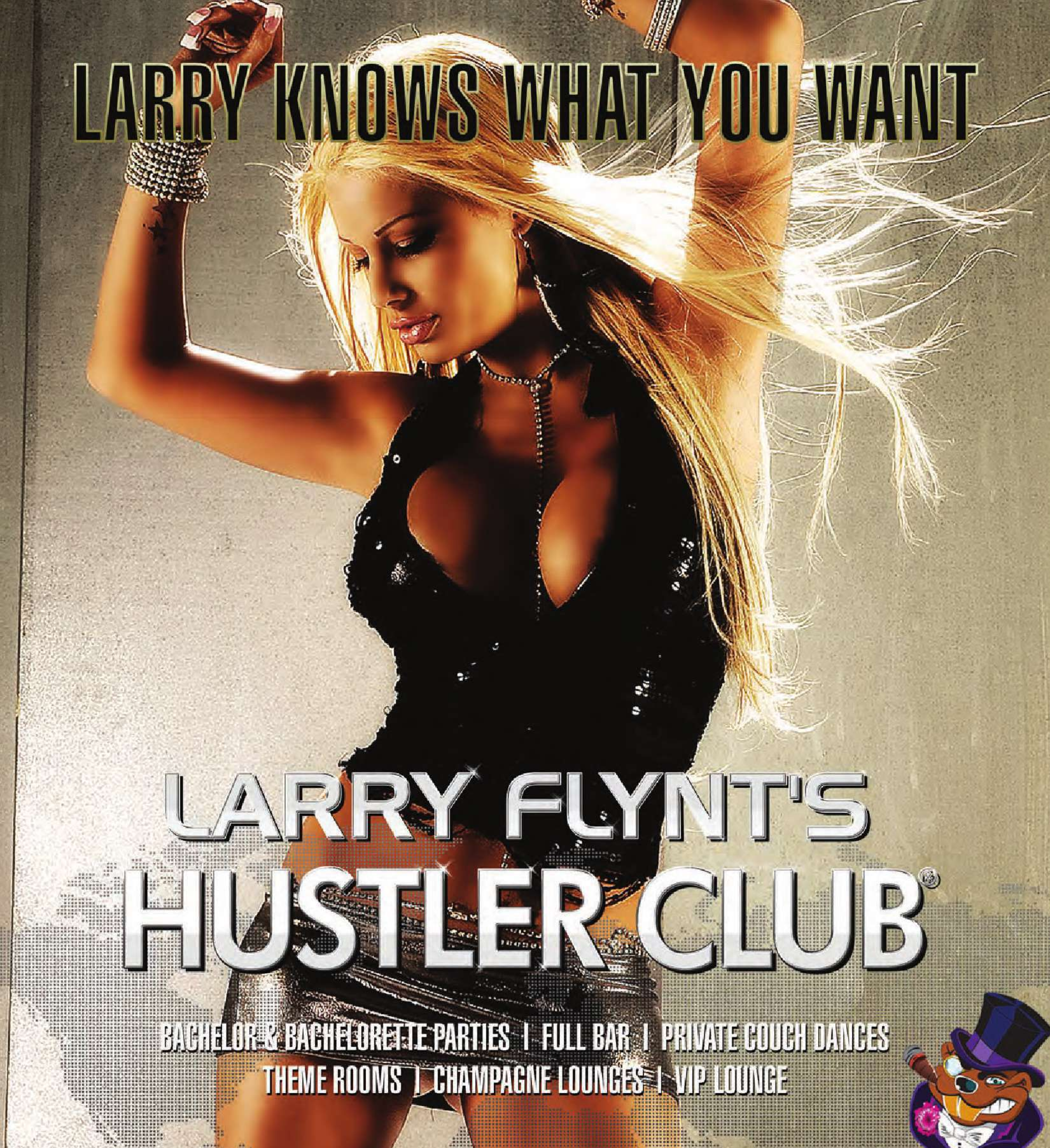

J. Billette
TRUMP
ELECTION CENTRAL
HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUTS FOR TRUMP

“We need your help! There are concerns that there may not be enough rich white men, racists and frustrated stupid people to get Donald elected.”



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PENNY PAX & AMARA ROMANI

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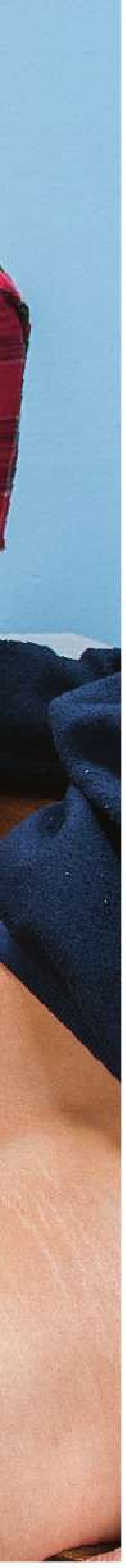

JENNIFER WHITE

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MIRABELLA

CANDY ASS

HUSTLER CLASSIC
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN HICKS

Mirabella is a sweet tooth's wet dream. Everything about her is edible: her clothes, her luscious body. Spun sugar waiting to be licked, lollipops begging to be rolled from tongue to cheek. No honey here. No natural sweeteners. Just sugar. Refined. Processed. Artificial. "I crave the unnatural," she confesses. "Stick out your tongue and say *ahhh*…"

Coming
SOON

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MASS SHOOTINGS—WTF?

Orlando, San Bernardino, Sandy Hook, Aurora—mass shootings have become so commonplace in recent years that it's almost news when we go a week without one. Reporter Travis Kelly traces the history of this epidemic and dissects causes for manic violence in America.

CINDY STARFALL

Spend a day with one of our favorite sex goddesses. Even if you aren't familiar with bahn mi (delicious, BTW), when this Vietnamese-born porn sensation offers to make you something, anything, you say, "Yes, please"—and then get down on your knees and thank the universe.

ASS, GRASS & CASH

These beautiful Merry Janes dispense smoking sex alongside their weed and very edible edibles. Let time slow *waaay* down. Receptors for cannabinoids are everywhere in your body, and in *her* body, and in *her* body...

JESSA RHODES &
VANESSA VERACRUZ

HUSTLER

REAL HOT
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We've collected 1000's of
beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!

Come inside and see what
you can get them to do!

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